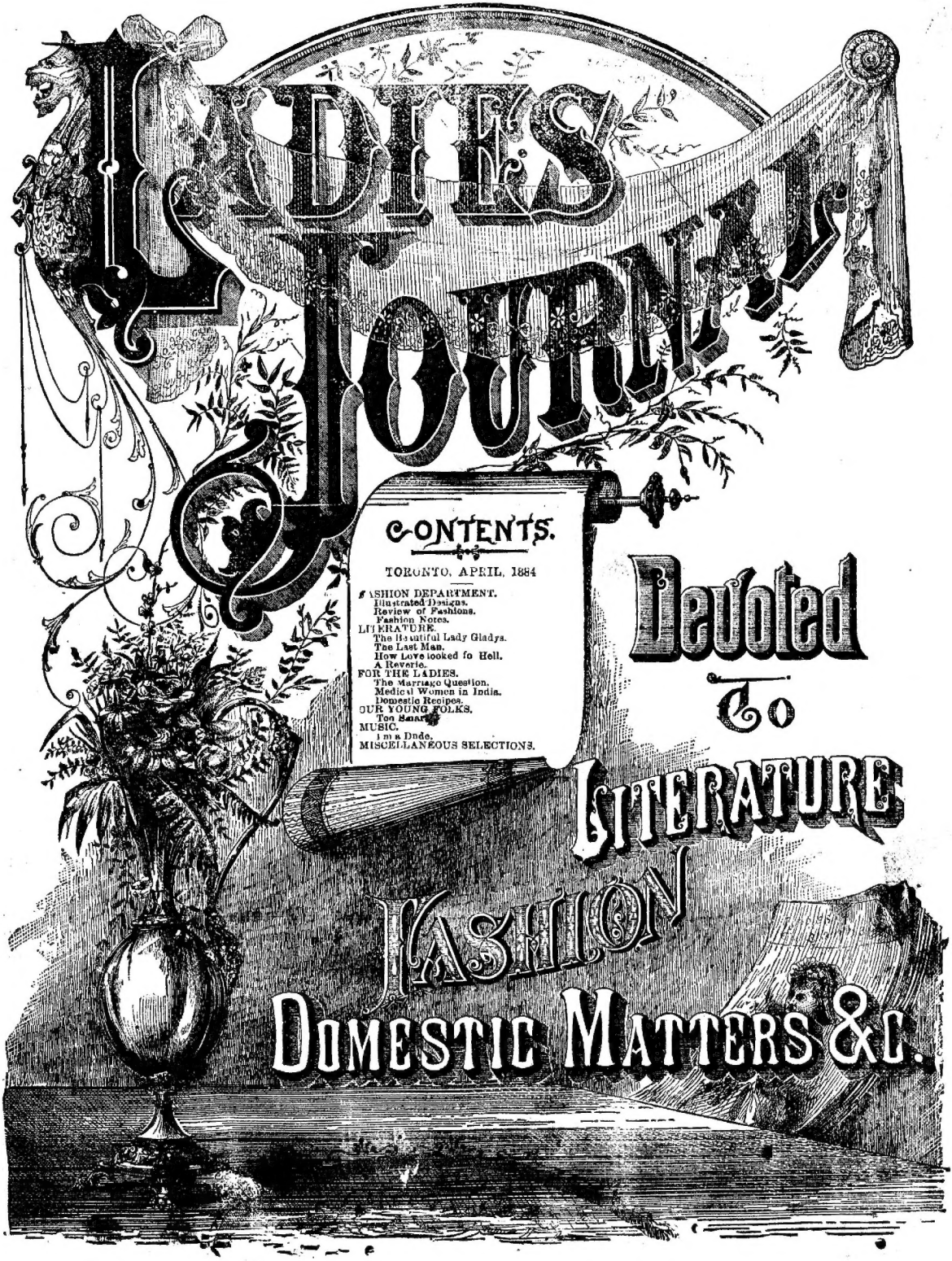
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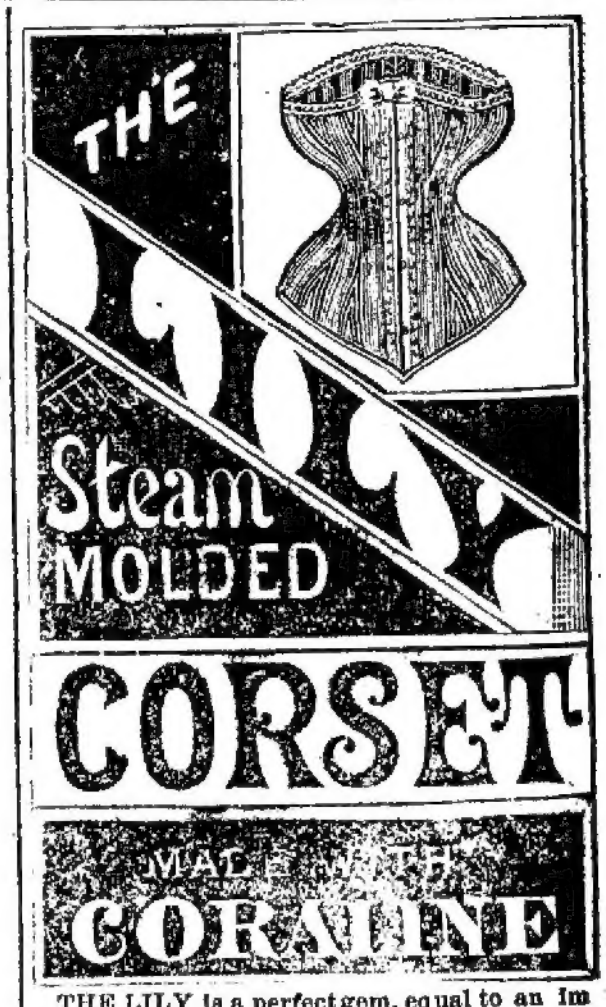

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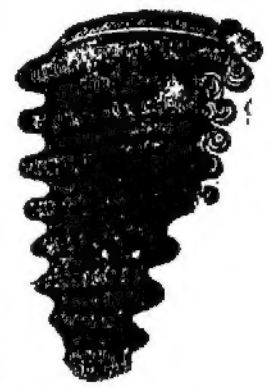

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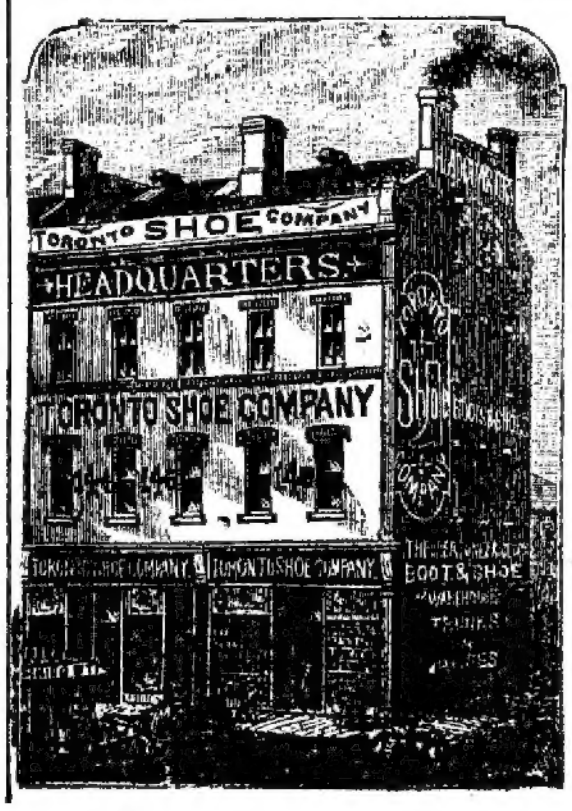

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME III.
No. 8.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1884.

50 CENTS per annum.

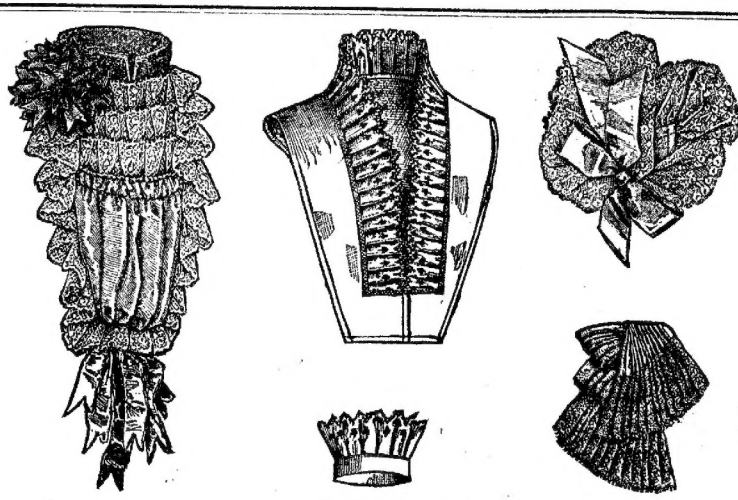
ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

Our illustrations for the present month are full of suggestions for the spring, and contain models adapted to costumes and out-door garments, of varied and thoroughly practical character. There are two complete costumes—one, the "Alwina," suited to flannel and all-wool materials, consisting of a walking-skirt, gored, and edged with a plaiting; and a polonaise which forms a basque in front, to which the drapery is attached. This polonaise may be finished with bands, with cords, or with stitching, and should be faced, and the standing collar lined with twilled silk. The buttons are round, of smoked pearl, horn, or dark agate, the carved wood or bronze being reserved, for more costly cloth and wool combinations with velvet and plush.

The "Bernette" costume consists of a skirt and polonaise also, the former trimmed with three deep bias bands of velvet; the latter double breasted and draped away from the front and the sides, forming points which are rounded up in folds under the back drapery. The polonaise is closely fitted over the extension of the waist, and is very stylish in effect. The skirt may be plaited lengthwise, the front in clusters of three side plaits, the back finished with a box-plaited flounce. Or, it may be trimmed with two kilted flounces, or series in front, as preferred, the design admitting of many simple variations.

The "Edwina" polonaise is an independent garment that can be made in almost any material, and worn either in or out of doors. It is an equally good design for spring or summer, for cloth or cotton. It would be a very good and effective model for broche "Nonpareil" velveteen over silk or satin Rhadames; and is suitable for figured satine, chintz, cloth, or striped wool. We should not consider it so well adapted to fabrics with a flat surface, and in a single color, as sponge, but for all uneven surfaces and materials with a body the "Edwina" will be found admirable. The "Estrella" skirt and "Lilith" basque furnish a good combination for soft camel's-hair serge with velvet, or lighter wool with silk or satin, or silk grenadine, with striped or figured velvet or satin. The materials or fabrics, whatever they are, must be soft yielding and light in weight, as the flounces not only cover the skirt, but are tucked, and would be insupportable in anything heavier than nun's-veiling, light summer serge, Chuddah wool, grenadine and the open meshed silks and wool is, which are durable as well as attractive in appearance. The very best material for the present month would be soft camel's-hair serge in wood-brown, gray, or bottle-green; the revers on the skirt and the vest of velvet, the straps on the revers on the basque, etc., ornamenting the cuffs and the back of the basque, silk cord, or braid. Such a dress would be the most suitable costume possible to wear abroad during a trip or three months' sojourn, not on the steamer but for European travel.

A simple and most charming redingote for travelling and general spring-wear, is the "Delphia," a very pretty and stylish design, thoroughly lady-like, yet very practical and adapted to many purposes. The necessary fullness in the back is obtained from lengthwise folds, the fronts are close-fitting, and buttoned from top to bottom. Shoulder capes are gathered so as to give a high but not exaggerated effect to the top of the arm, and sleeves and rolling collar complete the garment, which is easily made and highly recommended for driving, for teachers, and for business purposes generally. There are three smaller and more dressy spring out-door garments, two mantelets, and a visite. They are all short on the back, with shoulder-pieces that form sleeves, and ends forming a lengthened square, or pointed and full-trimmed or gathered and the draperied effect accentuated with loops of ribbon. The most striking design is, perhaps, that of the "Romilly" mantelet, which gives a stylish basque effect to the back. The "Gemma" requires less of silk or velvet, but more of lace, and is an elegant little garment. The "Renelcha" visite is as closely fitting as a bodice above the waist-line, and his finished mandarin sleeves. Much of these little garments depends upon the material and finish. Fine camel's-hair, wool, or cashmere looks almost as well as silk or satin—much better than the cheap silk—if it is lined with silk, and well-trimmed with good lace. A long protective wrap or cloak may be plain, but a dressy dainty little garment must be ornamental or nothing.



DRESSY LINGERIE.

No. 1.—Plastron and collar of "coral" lace, mull, and velvet. The color is a plain military shape, made of black velvet; and the plastron is composed of white silk mull shirred across the top, and joined to three upright rows of the lace. The lace is continued down each side of the plastron in *coquilles*, and the bottom is finished with a frill of lace and several ends of blue satin ribbon and black velvet A "cock's-comb" bow of the ribbon and and velvet is placed at the throat, on the right side. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $3.85.

No. 2.—A pretty set, composed of cuffs and a chemisette, intended to be worn with dresses that are cut square in front. It is made of cream-tinted batiste embroidered in scarlet cotton, but can be furnished entirely in white, if preferred. Price, $1.

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DRESSES WITH DARKER BODICE.

Among the distinctive new and pretty spring dresses are the close designs, with bodice sloping over and defining the waist, the skirt made with upright folds or clustered plaits in front, surmounted by a draped *tablier*, whose folds are lost in the bouffant drapery which afterwards falls straight at the back. These dresses are sometimes made in two shades of the same color, the bodice in the darker—sometimes in a combination of what is called invisible check—a very minute check indeed, with a plain color—in the dark shade of the check.

Silk is also used for the skirt in a light shade of gray, or fawn, while the bodice is made of a darker shade in wool. An exquisite class of imported goods in mixtures which have the effect of small checks, make charming dresses of this kind, with bodices of dark green, brown, old blue, or wine-colored cashmere, or camel's hair. The use of wools for bodices, and their combination with the richest fabrics, has simulated production, and the same firm exhibit cashmere and twilled camel's-hair cloths in gray, wood-brown, ecru, and almond tints, of such softness and fineness that they are preferable to silk. A skirt in silk or fine check, and bodice of the darker shade in gray, or wood-colored brown, is exactly what is needed for a bride's travelling dress, and very suitable for spring wear for any young lady or young married woman.

Five letters of the alphabet will always continue faithful unto "death."

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY GLADYS.

CHAPTER 1.

"Oh, Bell, I am so frightened! I do not believe any one will dance with me!"

"Nonsense, child! Wait a minute;" then, with a sweet smile as a gentleman bowed before her, "How do you do, Mr. Graham? This is an unexpected pleasure. I did not known you were to be here to-night."

"But I knew that you were coming," rejoined the young man, emphasising the "you" with a very admiring look at the blue-eyed, golden-haired girl before him. "May I be favoured with a dance?"

"Yes; I think I am disengaged for the fourth."

"Ah, Miss Vane, you are too cruel! That is a square. You will let me have a waltz later on to make up for it?"—persuasively.

"Perhaps"—looking up at him coquettishly. "I will see."

The young man smiled, and, having written his name on her programme, made way for several men who were coming up to secure a dance with the pretty popular Isabella Vane.

The dancing had not yet begun, and for several minutes the girl stood laughing and jesting with the men around her, pointing her saucy remarks with flashes from the bluest eyes that ever made havoc with masculine hearts.

Dollie stood a little way behind, looking at the merry group with wistful, shy, dark eyes, wondering whether any one would dance with her that night.

"Who is your chaperon to-night, Miss Vane?" inquired an officer with a handsome dark face, at whose uniform Dollie gazed with admiring awe. "I see your aunt is not here."

"No; she is ill; so Mrs. Warner kindly volunteered to supply her place. Is Sir Vivian Bramhall coming to-night, do you know, Captain North?"

"Yes; he is here. I saw him pass us just now."

"Did you?" said Bell, the light fading from her bright face for a moment as they took their places for the first dance.

Dollie stood near them—a pretty little girl, with golden-brown hair curling all over her head in short soft ringlets, dark-blue velvety eyes, which changed to a deep purple when she was strongly moved—they were purple now—a delicate pink-and-white complexion, and a dimpled smiling red mouth. A wreath of violets was half hidden in her curls, whilst bunches of the same flowers nestled amid the lace at her bosom and looped up the folds of her white dress.

Dollie's mother had married a poor man against her parent's wishes. At their death they had left all their wealth to an unmarried daughter on condition that she should adopt one of her sister's children. Miss Maclaren's choice had fallen on the eldest girl, Bell, whom accordingly she had reared and educated from childhood.

Once a year Miss Maclaren allowed Bell to go and see her mother and sister in their quiet little home in Northumberland. This Christmas Bell had begged that Dollie might come and stay with them for a little while in Edinburgh. Miss Maclaren had consented; and Dollie had arrived the previous day, and for the first time in her life had become acquainted with the noise and bustle of a busy town.

And now this evening of the ball, Dollie was wishing herself at home very much, as, bewildered by the lights and the crowd, she mechanically followed Isabel and her tall cavalier through the ball-room and then took a seat by Mrs. Warner.

When the first dance was over, Bell came up with an elderly man, who engaged Dollie for the next dance.

They found a *vis-a-vis* in Captain North and his partner, who was, without question the "belle" of the ball. She had a classical face, with a warmly coloured brown skin, bronze-coloured hair, divided over a low broad forehead, brought smoothly round a well-shaped head, and coiled low behind; sweeping dark eyebrows, almond-shaped blue eyes, a long straight nose, and a mouth which is only found in this Egyptian type of beauty, not too full or thin, but perfect, scarlet lines drooping ever so little at the corners, and telling their own story of sorrow, either past or present. She was a little above the middle height and graceful in all her movements. Her dress was ivory-coloured satin and showed every curve of her splendid figure, around which it fell in artistic folds.

"Who is that lady?" said Dollie, after a prolonged gaze of admiration. "How beautiful she is—like a queen!"

Her companion smiled at her enthusiasm as he replied—

"That is Lady Gladys, or rather Lady Warvin, one of the belles of London. I admire your taste, Miss Vane; she is very handsome, certainly."

"She does not look very happy," remarked Dollie, who was rather quick in guessing people's characters.

"You are right; she has not had a very happy life, I should imagine. I was in London when she came out, about three years ago, and I knew her when she was at the height of her beauty and everybody raved about her. She married, during her first season, Sir Robert Warvin, who was immensely rich and passionately fond of her. For about a year he was a most devoted husband; but, after that period, he seemed to grow tired of his beautiful plaything, and went away in his yacht for a tour round the world, leaving her to take care of herself. Six months afterwards his yacht was found on the South American coast, a mere wreck, without a soul on board, and was towed into Valparaiso by a passing steamer. Am I tiring you, Miss Vane?"

"Oh, no!" answered Dollie eagerly. "I am greatly interested in the story. Pray tell me how it ended."

"There is not much more to tell. Lady Warvin has lived in Scotland ever since her husband's death; and she is now coming out of her seclusion, and is on her way to London, a rich young widow of twenty-two."

"But how do you know her husband is dead?" questioned Dollie.

"Of course he is; there can be no doubt of that! There was not a soul picked up by the steamer; and, even had Sir Robert escaped in any way, surely he would have written to his wife!"

"Yes," assented Dollie; "of course he would."

And then they were silent for a while, Dollie watching the pa r opposite and noticing how admiringly Captain North was regarding his stately companion, as if taking in every detail of her marvellous beauty.

After the quadrille was over and Dollie had been led back to her seat, she looked about for Bell, and saw her standing by the crimson curtains of the archway with her partner, talking to a gentleman she did not remember to have seen before. He was not so handsome as Captain North, she thought, but he was tall and well-made, with rather a haughty carriage of his head. She saw him write his name on her sister's card; and then Bell was led off by a curly-haired young subaltern. The gentleman stood where they had left him, leaning against the wall, with a rather bored expression on upon his face.

By-and-by Lady Warvin came slowly through the archway close to him, a crowd of men following in her train, foremost among whom was Captain North, carrying her bouquet; and, to judge from the envious glances cast at him by the others, he seemed to be, for the time, her most favoured admirer. The gentleman by the archway turned his head as Lady Warvin passed by and looked her straight in the face. Her colour deepened, and with a little smile she half stopped and held out her hand; but he remained unmoved and appeared not to have seen the outstretched hand. She passed on, with an almost imperceptible shrug of her round brown shoulders, to a seat on a dais, where she remained for the rest of the evening, fanning herself languidly while the men stood and sat around her on the steps of the dais, doing homage to her beauty with worshipping eyes and lips.

The ball went on merrily. Dollie sat out two or three dances beside a red-haired lady in pink.

"This is your first ball, is it not?" she began in a piercing shrill voice. "How dreadfully that girl does flirt—that one over there in blue and silver! It is really monstrous!"

Dollie looked across at the place indicated and saw pretty Bell laughing and talking with the little subaltern, all bright eyes, white teeth, and dimples. Bell was a born coquette—it was her nature—she could not help it; she could not resist the temptation of trying to make men like her for the mere pleasure and womanly desire for admiration, without thinking of the pain she might heedlessly inflict on some unsuspecting victim.

"That is my sister," replied loyal Dollie; "she doesn't flirt!"

"I beg your pardon, dear; I am sure I had not the least idea that she was any relative of yours," said the other. She hurriedly turned the conversation. "Don't you think Captain North is very good-looking?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"He is in the —th Hussars. They are stationed here, you know. He is a great admirer of your sister, or at least he——"

She stopped suddenly, glancing at him where he sat by Lady Warvin's side, fanning her in a very devoted way.

Dollie looked too, and sighed a little, she hardly knew why, at seeing his dark head in such close proximity to Lady Warvin's; and her loquacious companion continued—

"I never saw the rooms so full as this before. I should think there are about three hundred people present. Do you see that gentleman standing by the archway looking so tired? That is Sir Vivian Bramhall, one of the nicest men about here. He is extremely rich, and has a nice place outside Edinburgh. He succeeded to the title unexpectedly about two years ago, and has been considered the great catch ever since; but nobody ever seems to make much impression on him. They say he was jilted when he was only a younger son, and has never quite got over it. But I don't believe that myself; he is much too nice and agreeable for any one to refuse him."

"What makes him so fascinating?" inquired Dollie, amused in spite of herself.

"He is such a favourite with the people; he seems to be able to get on with every one—gentlemen and ladies alike. I don't know him myself, but everybody says he is wonderfully pleasant. He has been staring at me for over so long. Yes, and now he has gone to get a steward to introduce me"—excitedly craning her neck round to look in the glass behind.

Dollie reasured her, and then she sat still, with a bewitching unconscious smile upon her face, fanning herself gracefully as Sir Vivian and a steward slowly made their way through the crowd of dancers to where she sat. Dollie blamed herself inwardly for feeling selfishly sorry that her only friend was going to leave her. Then she heard a voice.

"Will you allow me to introduce Sir Vivian Bramhall? Sir Vivian Bramhall—Miss Vane."

Dollie, hardly believing her ears, looked up then with such astonishment that both the gentlemen smiled.

"May I have the honor of this waltz if you are not engaged?"

"Thank you;" and Dollie rose and took the Baronet's proffered arm, without daring to look at the discomfited lady in pink.

Sir Vivian, still smiling a little under his moustache, watched her covertly, taking in every detail of her fresh youthful beauty—the silky shining hair, the innocent childlike eyes, the blushing varying face, and the smiling red mouth.

"I am afraid you are surprised at my presumption in obtaining an introduction to you, Miss Vane?"

"Oh, no!" replied Dollie frankly. "It was not that. Only I thought you were going——"

Here she stopped in some confusion. She would not let him know that they had been talking about him.

"Well," he said, "what did you think?"

"Oh, please don't ask me!"—looking up at him appealingly.

They were passing by the dais, where Lady Warvin was enthroned with her courtiers round her, and they heard her say to Captain North—

"Who is that little bread-and-butter school-girl in white?"

Sir Vivian muttered something in a low tone, and cast a scornful look at her as he and Dollie walked on. Captain North, aroused from his contemplation of Lady Warvin's perfect profile, turned his head to see to whom she was alluding.

"By Jove," he said, "that is little Miss Dollie Vane! How in the world did she get introduced to Bramhall?"

Meanwhile Sir Vivian had led his partner to an ante-room, which they found deserted. The two sat down on a couch, and Sir Vivian prepared to console his little partner.

"I hope you did not mind what she said; it is not worth a second thought."

"What have I done to her?" cried Dollie indignantly; and he could see that two angry tears were swimming in her eyes, which were kept from falling with great difficulty. "Why should she say such horrid things of me? And she looks so beautiful too—like an angel—and—and I liked her so!"

Sir Vivian looked at her compassionately. Was this the first time she had been disappointed in people's looks? he wondered. She would soon grow accustomed to that, poor little thing; but meanwhile——

"Oh, don't mind what she said! She did not mean it unkindly!"—and he bent down and looked straight into her dark eyes.

She was so taken by surprise that the two tears welled over and rolled down the pretty flushed cheeks.

"Ah," cried Dollie pathetically, overwhelmed with shame, "no wonder she thinks me a schoolgirl! I am so silly; nobody likes me here. I wish I had stayed at home with my mother."

"I am quite certain other people like you besides your mother," answered Sir Vivian softly. "I don't see how any one could help it who knew you."

"Do you really think so?"—brightening. "I am afraid you only say it out of kindness."

"You may be quite sure I mean it," he affirmed.

"Then," said Dollie in a relieved tone, "perhaps, if she knew me, she would not have said that."

He did not reply; and there was a little pause, during which Dollie wondered if he did not want to take her back to her seat.

"Will you give me another dance?" he said suddenly. "This one is nearly over."

"If you like," she replied, handing him a fair white card.

"How is this?"—gazing at the blank

spaces in dismay. "Haven't you been dancing? Don't you know anybodyhere?"

"No," returned Dollie, rather ashamed at her partnerless condition, adding hurriedly, that he might not think her quite forlorn, "I don't know any one yet; but Captain North promised to find me some partners. He knows my sister, and she introduced him to me."

"Did he? But this is the seventh dance, and he has not got any one for you yet. Suppose we dance together until some better man turns up?"—looking anxiously at her to see how this audacious proposal would be taken.

"Oh, thank you!" answered Dollie innocently. "I should like to very much, if you are sure you do not mind. But are you not engaged to any one either?"

"No; I do not dance much."

After two or three round dances, which made Dollie tingle with delight and her blue eyes sparkle like diamonds, men began to say to each other as they watched the slender white figure whirling so lightly past them, "Who is that pretty little girl with whom Bramhall seems to be so smitten?" But by this time nearly all the cards were full, so they contented themselves with admiring the bright happy little face.

The evening passed on, and Dollie grew more lovable every minute in the eyes of Sir Vivian, who was charmed with her frank innocent ways. Bell came up to them once and said to Sir Vivian—

"How kind of you to take charge of my little sister! She could not have come out under better auspices."

"The kindness is not on my side," he answered a little stiffly. "I assure you I feel deeply honored by Miss Dollie's condescension"—bowing low to her as she sat in a great arm-chair.

Dollie looked up at him, rather surprised at this ceremonious address, but smiled back confidingly as she met his eyes.

Then Bell left them, saying gaily—

"Don't forget my dance, Sir Vivian!"

"Are you engaged for all the other dances?" asked Dollie eagerly.

"No. Why?"

"Do you see that lady in pink, sitting down there? She is looking at us now. Wouldn't you like to know her?"—anxiously.

He hesitated for a moment.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" he questioned reproachfully.

"You know I do not; only I thought you would like to dance with her perhaps, as she hasn't a partner."

Sir Vivian left her, rather unwilling, to do her bidding, thinking what a kind-hearted little thing she must be. Dollie sat in her great arm-chair and looked about her.

Lady Warvin was still surrounded by her court of worshippers; but she did not seem to be talking much, and her beautiful dark eyes were gazing dreamily into the distance, with rather a sad look in their liquid depths. The curly-haired officer, who had been introduced to Dollie by Sir Vivian, just then joined her.

"How hard you have been dancing, Miss Vane! This is your first ball, is it not? I hope you have enjoyed it."

"Yes, thank you; I did not know anything could be so pleasant."

"Bramhall is a good dancer, is he not?" continued the office, whose name was Charlie Murdoch, but who was generally called "Curly" from his short curly yellow hair. "How quickly one learns to flirt, does he not?"

"I do not know," replied Dollie gravely. "I have not been 'out' long, you see, so I do not understand much about it; but I do not think I should care to learn."

Charlie Murdoch raised his eyes to the ceiling and clasped his hands with such an expression of mock dismay, that Dollie began to laugh behind her fan, in spite of feeling rather angry at his incredulity.

"Miss Vane," he remarked—"Miss Dollie Vane, if I could disbelieve my eyes for your sake, I would; but I could not help observing that you have danced with no one but Bramhall the whole night."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, nothing!"—his eyes twinkling with merriment.

"If I have danced with no one to-night but Sir Vivian Bramhall"—with great dignity—"it is because I did not know any one in the room; and he was good enough to say that he would dance with me.

"May I be kind to you for the rest of the evening?" he pleaded, unabashed.

Dollie looked at him in silence, thinking what nice curly hair he had, and how young he was to be in the army.

"Well, Miss Dollie, am I to have the felicity of being your benefactor or not? Please let me. I don't care a straw about the people to whom I am engaged."

"No," said Dollie gravely; "you said I flirted."

"Did I say that? I do not remember. I must have been off my head, or perhaps you made a mistake."

"No, I haven't; you know you said it, and I think it was very rude of you; and, if you do not say at once that you are very sorry, I shall not dance with you ever again."

"Miss Dollie, I retract every word I said. I humbly apologise for my unpardonable conduct; and, by yonder moon"—holding up his hand dramatically—"or, rather I should say, gas—I will never do so any more. And now, having humbled myself before you, and as a token that you really forgive me, give me just one of those violets you are wearing."

She picked out a large purple one. He kissed it and fastened it in his button-hole tenderly; the curly-headed boy was rapidly losing his head under the influence of Dollie's pretty face.

"I did not give it to you for that!" cried Dollie, half laughing and half offended.

"I could not help it," he replied penitently. "What a duffer I am! I am always offending the people I like best in the world."

An officer in uniform came up at this moment, and Dollie, looking up, became aware that Captain North was standing near her. She flushed with delight and shyness; she had an innate love of beauty, either in man, woman, or child; and it could not be denied that Captain North was the handsomest man in the room.

The handsome soldier sat down beside her, and Charlie Murdoch left him in possession of the field, an opportunity which he improved by flirting as hard as he could with the pretty girl beside him, whose face flushed so charmingly under the influence of his pretty speeches. It was the last dance on the programme; and, when that was over, he took leave of her, with a whispered hope that he might see her at the officers' concert which was to take place the next evening.

CHAPTER II.

"Come in!" cried Dollie, as she stood before the looking-glass combing out her brown curly hair, with uplifted bare white arms.

The door opened, and Bell came in, carrying two magnificent bouquets, one of mixed red and white flowers, the other of pure white wax-like stephanotis, set off by green ferns.

"Are those yours?" cried Dollie. "How lovely they are!"—surveying them with longing eyes.

"One is for you and one is for me! This is yours"—handing her the white bouquet. Dollie flushed and dimpled with delight and pleasure as she took her treasure tenderly into her hands. "Mine is from one of the officers, a Mr. Travers, whom you have not seen. Who has sent yours?"

"Sir Vivian Bramhall," answered Dollie, reading the card attached to her bouquet, a slight shade of disappointment passing over her face. "How kind of him to send me the flowers! I suppose he knew that no one else would have sent me any if he did not. Will you wear any in your hair?"

"No!" said Bell shortly, with the same sorrowful look on her face which Dollie had seen that morning. "Do make haste; you will be late!"

Bell was already arrayed for the evening in a black satin dress covered with lace and jet. She looked dazzlingly fair; her eyes shone brightly, and a deep rose-red burned on either cheek. Dollie felt vaguely uneasy as she looked at her.

"How pretty you are, Bell! But I wish you would tell me what troubles you."

"So I would if you could do anything for me, dear; but no one can help me. Please do not talk about it any more. Let me arrange your hair. You will never be dressed in time."

Dollie seated herself obediently before the glass, which perhaps had never had a prettier picture framed in it than it had then—Bell, a vision of rose, white and blue, with golden hair; Dollie, brown-haired, tender-eyed, pink-cheeked, and innocent-looking. The toilet was soon concluded under Bell's auspices, and they descended into the hall, where their aunt was awaiting them.

"I feel so nervous," said Bell. "I have not half practised, as I ought to have done."

"What did you say, Bell?" inquired Miss Maclaren.

"I feel so frightened, auntie! I know I shall break down."

"It is of no good to feel afraid now," said Miss Maclaren decisively. "You will be all right when once you have begun. People never listen to any one playing the piano after the first few bars; they are so full of themselves and their own affairs, they will never think about you—hardly know you are there, unless you break down; and then they will laugh and enjoy it much more than if you got through without missing a note."

The carriage was now announced; and, after a good deal of wrapping up, they were driving along the hard frosty road towards their destination. Three gentlemen were waiting to receive them at the door and usher them into the concert-room, which was already nearly full. Sir Vivian took in Dollie, Mr. Travers Bell, and Miss Maclaren fell to the lot of Charlie Murdoch, Dollie's curly-headed admirer of the night before, who submitted to his fate with an inward determination to sit next to Dollie at any cost. They found some seats close together at the back of the room, and, after a good deal of confusion, they were all settled to everybody's satisfaction; first of all, Miss Maclaren, bowed in with great politeness by Charlie Murdoch, who implored Dollie in a whisper to come next to him, which she did laughingly; then Sir Vivian, equally determined to be by her side; then Bell; and, lastly, Frank Travers, the most devoted and, to all appearance, the most favored of all her admirers. Bell, in spite of her aunt's comforting assurance, still felt very nervous, and Frank Travers and Sir Vivian did their best to encourage her.

"If I should break down," she said, "how everybody will laugh!"

"I shall not, for one," whispered Frank Travers tenderly.

"It would be too bad of you if you did," she rejoined laughingly, "considering that it was all through your petition that I consented. You would make me do it."

"I do not think you will break down; but, if you do, I'll faint, and Bramhall shall carry me out, which will cause such a sensation that everybody's attention will be diverted from the music."

"Perhaps Sir Vivian will object to the *role* assigned him," suggested Bell, laughingly.

"Oh, no, I shall not," answered the Baronet, "if my fair burden does not prove too much for my strength! Though I am afraid Miss Vane will not be able to resist laughing if she sees me staggering out with six feet of prostrate manhood in my arms!"

"No one asked you to throw cold water on my suggestion, Bramhall," laughed Frank Travers. "I'll have a fit if you don't look out, and that will be worse for you. Who is going to turn over your music, Miss Vane? May I?"

"Certainly not," said Bell promptly. "Do you forget that you do not know a note?"

"I can read music," remarked Sir Vivian. "Will you allow me to turn over for you?"

Bell blushed and gave him a pretty grateful look.

"Thank you. If you don't mind; I shall be very glad."

Here the military band began playing; and, under cover of the classical overture, Sir Vivian Bramhall and Charlie Murdoch, unconscious of each other's intentions, laid themselves out to be agreeable to their little sweetheart, Dollie.

"Thank you so much for wearing my flowers," whispered Sir Vivian. "I thought you would like them best all white."

"I have got that violet you gave me last night, Miss Dollie," said Charlie in a low tone. "I shall never part with it—never."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA.

The following, though not all new to our readers, deserves admission, as the subject is important. Some few months ago a number of native merchants of Bombay organized themselves into a committee, and raised, large funds for the purpose of inviting one or more first-class medical women to come out from England to practice in Bombay among the native women and children, one gentleman giving no less than £10,000 to found a hospital and dispensary in connection with this object. In response to an invitation from this committeee, Dr. Edith Peckey, who in 1870 won (and was refused) the Hope scholarship in the University of Edinburgh, has started for Bombay, and is to be followed as soon as possible by another registered medical woman, who will act as junior physician in the hospital. To both these posts a liberal salary is attached, with abundant opportunities for private practice, and an excellent residence is provided for Dr. Peckey. It is well known that the Viceroy has long felt the extreme need for medical women in India, and though no official action has been taken it is understood that Dr. Peckey carries with her most excellent introductions, and that her mission has inspired the warmest interest in many quarters. It is thought probable that the foundation-stone of the hospital may be laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who will thus represent the interest expressed by Her Majesty in 1881, in response to the pathetic appeal of the Mahi Rani Punna, who besought her to send medical women to the aid of the perishing sufferers in a thousand zenanas in which no male practitioner can enter. The only help hitherto has been afforded by a few medical missionaries, but their avowed object of proselytism of course prevents the more scrupulous natives from availing themselves of their services. Now for the first time a medical woman goes out with the single object of professional usefulness, and with no idea of entering into conflict with the religious convictions of her patients. No better pioneer than Dr. Peckey could possibly have been chosen; and she must carry with her the heartiest good wishes—even of those who think medical women a superfluity in England.

Do the duty which lieth nearest.

SPRING PRINT DRESSES.

How to make the prints into dresses which shall be at the same time simple, useful and attractive, is a problem that annually besets thrifty housekeeping women. Fashion writers may talk of silks and satins as if they were the every-day wear of all women—but, in reality, the dress in which the husband and children see the wife and mother, at least six days out of the seven, is a print, and the silk, if it exists at all is only taken out of its folds for occasions, and is quickly restored when the motive for the unwonted display has ceased to exist. It is therefore of importance that the print dress should be equal to what is demanded of it, and that time, thought, and some effort should be bestowed upon it. And, here, let us say, that it is very poor economy to buy cheap, coarse prints, that lose color and texture the moment they are put in the wash tub; a good print, properly laundered, looks well from first to last.

A few years ago, it was common to make up prints as wrappers—and cotton wrappers, trailing their untidy length, were seen everywhere, from the drawing-room of the villa, to the back yard of the tenement house. This slovenly fashion has been fortunately disposed of by the many pretty designs for short house and walking dresses, and the restriction of the train to ceremonious dinner and evening toilets. Print dresses which are intended for work, and strictly for useful house wear, may be made after the "Housekeeping," or the "Doretta," dress pattern, or they may be made with a single skirt, and yoked or plaited waist, with a round apron of the same material, which will have the effect of an overskirt. Many ladies like to feel themselves girdled about the waist, when at work, on the principle that the athlete feels better than he can explain when he prepares for a feat by buckling on a broad belt. The "Watteau" house dress is a very pretty and simple design equally well adapted to "afternoon" wear; and more suitable to soft, fine cotton fabrics, such as satines, foulard-finished cottons, and Ottoman cottons, than to standard prints for working wear. Ladies less bound by the necessities of their own households, find it useful to have their print dresses as suits, or in such a style as renders them suitable for morning marketing, walking, or dropping in upon a neighbor. The "Mariska," the "Vanoni," the "Desiree," the "Trenna," the "Sutherland," the "Brenda," and others are all suitable for this purpose; while for a simple gored skirt, bordered with a single flounce, the "Selda," or "Ianthe" polonaise, may be made to form a costume, with excellent effect. The "Selda" polonaise is a very stylish design, and may be used for richer materials; it is particularly becoming to rather flat slender figures, and should be used, if of cotton, for those that do not require frequent washing.

A great deal of exquisite embroidery is executed upon handkerchiefs, which are small, sheer, the edges cut in delicate irregular scollops, and colored most daintily.

A model woman: A poser.

STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A handsome costume, made of satin lustre faille, with the revers on the front of the skirt, and the mantle, made of the same class of goods embossed with slightly raised velvet figures. The costume is of a rich maroon color throughout. The arrangement of the back of the skirt — the "Estrella" — can be seen on Fig. 2. The flounces are tucked and the velvet buttons embroidered with maroon beads that secure the revers constitute the only garniture. The mantelet —the "Romilly"—is especially novel in design, and sleeves furnishing the entire depth at the sides, and the back forming a short plaited postilion. It is trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" Floss Spanish lace matching the goods in color, which surrounds the sleeves, and forms a sort of plastron on the front that is continued in a standing frill around the neck. This is headed by a handsome passementerie or crocheted silk and maroon beads. Capote of maroon China crape, with a puffed crown, the brim covered with shaded satin leaves, and the strings of satin-faced velvet ribbon. Ecru kid gloves. Pattern of mantelet in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each; skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—The "Estrella" skirt, made in black Rhadames, and the "Gemma" mantelet, made of black Sicilienne, are combined in this stylish costume. The skirt is the same design as that shown on Fig. 1, and the revers is made of brocaded satin and secured by jet buttons. The mantelet, which has pointed tabs in front, and shoulder pieces describing a square shape over the arms, is especially graceful, and, at the same time, very practical in cut. The shoulder pieces are made of Sicilienne with raised balls of plush, while the remainder is of plain Sicilienne. The trimming consists of rows of "Kursheedt's Standard" Matelasse Spanish guipure lace, put on very full, and in a reversed manner so as to require no heading. It is carried up the fronts in full jabots, and forms a thick ruche around the neck. All of "Kursheedt's Standard" silk laces can be relied upon for their superior finish and handsome patterns. Sample sheets, showing different patterns, will be furnished free, on application to the "Kursheedt Manufacturing Co.," New York City. The bonnet that complete this costume is of Tuscan braid, the brim faced with poppy red *crepe de Chine*, and the outside trimmed with hawthorn blossoms, two tiny humming-birds, and strings of the *crepe* crossed on the crown and tied in a large bow under the chin. The pattern of the mantelet is in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. For price of skirt pattern, see previous description.

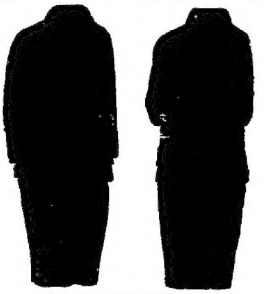
FIG. 3.—This shows the "Alwina" costume, made in beige colored bison cloth, finished simply with rows of machine stitching. In design this is one of the most practical of the new styles. The underskirt is bordered with a narrow box-plaiting, and the drapery, which is very long all around, is attached to a cuirass basque, giving the effect of a polonaise. It is draped very full across the front, and is sloped in the front of the basque so as to give a graceful outline. Hat of brown English straw, trimmed with brown velvet, and brown and beige feathers. Price of costume pattern, thirty cents each size.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—This suit, the "Asbury," may be appropriately worn either by boys or girls of four or six years of age. It is made with a kilt skirt attached to a yoke with a blouse falling over it. The blouse is open in front, disclosing a plaited chemisette, and is ornamented with a deep sailor collar terminating in a long revers on the front. A sash is tied over the skirt and partly hidden by the blouse, and is fastened by a large bow at the left side. The illustration shows it made of French gray bison cloth, with the sash, cuffs, revers and collar of light blue cashmere. A white linen collar round at the back and having square tabs in front, is finished with hem-stitching near the edge The hat is of gray English straw, trimmed with dark blue velvet and gray wings. Patterns of suit in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—Costumes of this description are picturesque and practical, and this design is unusually pretty for a school or street dress, and a most appropriate model for suits intended to be worn by young misses in the mountains or at the seashore. While a suitable design for washable fabrics, the "Lotta" dress is most desirable for flannels and all soft woolen goods. It is arranged with a blouse waist having a sailor collar extending in revers on the front, and a skirt laid in broad kilt-plaits with a short draped apron on the front and a sash at the back. The illustration shows it made in dark garnet flannel, trimmed with white braids in two widths. The hat is a sailor shape in English straw, faced with garnet velvet, and trimmed with garnet velvet ribbon. Patterns of the dress in sizes for from four to ten years. Price twenty-five cents.

In his reply to the congratulations of several English Temperance societies on his promotion, Bishop Wilberforce said: "He was thankful every day that he was a total abstainer. He was better in health, lighter in head, and heavier in purse for it."



GASTON SUIT.

Comfortable and stylish, this suit can be made up from the materials generally used for boys' clothing, and finished with rows of machine stitching or with braid. The knee pants are plain at the top, and the jacket is cut with wide sacque fronts and narrow back pieces. Patterns in sizes from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

DESSIE CLOAK.

A modification of the "Mother Hubbard" style, arranged with a loose blouse mounted in double box-plaits on a square yoke. A capuchin hood is added which imparts a dressy effect, and large cuffs on the coat sleeves complete the design. Any class of goods suitable for children's outkoor garments may be made up after this model, which requires no garniture only a bright lining in the hood. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents.

A Japanese woman dresses her hair only once in four days. This gives the rest of the family an occasional chance of the mirror.

The human intellect has had placed before it by Him who made it one object, and one only, worthy of its efforts, and that is truth. Truth, not only for the sake of any ulterior dignity, however high or holy, but truth for its own sake. We hope, we trust, we humbly believe, that truth will in the end be found to coincide with goodness, with holiness, with grace, with humility, with all the other noblest aspirations of the human spirit.

Henry F. Millward shot himself after participating in a mock tragedy at Springfield, Ohio. Some weeks ago Millward, assisted by a bundle of friends, constructed a dummy out of a number of towels and pillows, and laid it on a bed in the Arcade Hotel in that city. The room was carefully darkened, and the dummy covered with a sheet. A pasteboard head with grotesquely painted features was attached to the body, so as to be in plain sight when the sheet should be removed. When all was ready, the report was circulated through the city by the jokers that a drummer had committed suicide at the hotel. The report attracted hundreds of citizens, including the Coroner, who were piloted up to the room one by one. Millward killed himself in the same room.

RENELCHA VISITES.

One of the handsomest shapes in short wraps, having sacque-shape fronts with long tabs and the trimming arranged to simulate a vest, the back considerably shorter and open, in the middle seam to the waistline, and the sleeves inserted in dolman style, slightly full at the top, and forming bernous plaits at the lower edges in the back, which fall loosely on the outside. The one illustrated is made in black Sicilliene, the fronts faced with gold-colored satin embossed with black velver leaves, and finished at the bottom with deep chenille fringe tipped with gold balls. The rest, of the garniture consists of "Kursheedt's Standard" Matelasse Spanish lace of handsome quality, which is arranged *en cascade* up the fronts, and forms two frills around the bottom put on in a reversed manner so that no heading is required. It is also disposed in a full ruche around the neck, and one row, rather full, is turned upward on the leeves. The mantle completes a visiting costume of black Sicilliene and black brocaded satin. Bonnet made of frills of "Kursheedt's Standard" gold-embroidered lace, arranged on a foundation of black velvet, trimmed with a pompon of black ostrich tips and a gold-colored aigrette. Strings of black velvet lined with gold-colored satin. The gold-embroidered lace, mentioned above, is a novelty this season, and is very beautiful and effective. Patterns of visite in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris, London and New York.

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL.

To heal his heart of long-time pain
One day Prince Love for to travel was fain
With Ministers Mind and Sense.
"Now what to thee most strange may be?"
Quoth Mind and Sense. "All things above,
One curious thing I first would see—
Hell," quoth Love.

Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out:
They searched the ways of man about.
First frightfully groaneth Sense.
"'Tis here, 'tis here," and spurreth in fear
To the top of the hill that hangeth above,
And plucketh the Prince: "Come, come,
'tis here"—
"Where?" quoth Love.

"Not far, not far," said shivering Sense,
As they rode on; "A short way hence,—
But seventy paces hence:
Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height above?
Cold blew a moldy wind by me."
("Cold?" quoth Love.)

"As I rode down, and the River was black,
And on side lo! an endless wrack,
And rabble of souls" (sighed Sense)
"Their eyes upturned and begged and
burned
In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above
Beat back the hands that upward
yearned"—
"Nay!" quoth Love—

"Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt
see,
Wilt thou but down this slope with me;
'Tis palpable," whispered Sense.
At the foot of the hill a living rill
Shone, and the lilies shone white above;
"But now 'twas black, 'twas a river this
rill,"
("Black?" quoth Love.)

"Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow,
And on side where was woe, was woe,—
Where the rabble of souls," cried Sense,
"Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
Turned back in the brimstone from above—
Is banked of violet, rose, and fern:"
"How?" quoth Love:

"For lakes of pain, you pleasant plain
Of weeds and grass and yellow grain
"Doth ravish the soul and sense:
And never a sigh beneath the sky,
And folk that smile and gaze above"—
"But saw'st thou here, with thine own
eye,
"Hell?" quoth Love.

"I saw true hell with mine own eye,
True hell, or sight hath told a lie,
True, verily," quoth stout Sense.
Then Love rode round and searched the
ground,
The caves below, the hills above;
"But I can not find where thou hast found
Hell," quoth Love.

There, while they stood in a green wood
And marvelled still on Ill and Good,
Came suddenly Minister Mind.
"In the heart of sin doth hell begin:
'Tis not below, 'tis not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within:"
("Where?" quoth Love.)

I saw a man sit by a corse;
Hell's in the murderer's breast: remorse!
Thus clamored his mind to his mind:
'Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal,
Hell's not below, nor yet above,
'Tis fixed in the ever damned soul'"—
"Fixed?" quoth Love—

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but
see:
He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse," quoth Mind.
Full soon they passed, for they rode fast,
Where the piteous willow bent above.
"Now shall I see at last, at last,
Hell," quoth Love.

There, when they came, Mind suffered
shame:
"These be the same and not the same,"
A-wondering whispered Mind.
Lo, face to face two spirits pace
Where the blissful willow waves above:
One saith: "Do me a friendly grace"—
("Grace!" quoth Love)

"Read me two Dreams that linger long,
Dim as returns of old-time song
That flicker about the mind.
I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
I struck the dead, then stood above,
With tears that none but dreamers weep;"
"Dreams," quoth Love:

"In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
That clung with pain and stung with
power—
Yea, nettled me, body and mind."
"'Twas the nettle of sin, 'twas medicine;
No need nor seed of it here Above;
In dreams of hate true loves begin."
"True," quoth Love.

"Now strange," quoth Sense, and 'Strange,"
quoth Mind.
"We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find,—
But we saw it," quoth Sense and Mind.
Stretched on the ground, beautifully-
crowned
Of the piteous willow that wreathed
above,
—"But I cannot find where ye have
found
"Hell," quoth Love.

Sidney Lanier.

ANYTHING BUT HOUSEWORK.

Young women go to service more unwillingly every year, says *The Hour*. And why? The root of the difficulty lies partly in the character of our political and social institutions. The opportunities for primary education are so excellent in the United States that poor girls are generally pretty well educated by the time they are old enough to live away from their homes. They learn to read easily, and they quickly avail themselves of the cheap literature of this country and they sink themselves in it. Then, when it is time to go out to work, they have many lofty ideas which prevent them. As every boy in the United States has the privilege of thinking that some day he may be president, so every girl, no matter how humble her family, thinks she may some day marry a rich man and become a fine lady. She has never read of a fine lady who was made out of a servant in the kitchen. Cinderella is the only exception, and we do not believe in faries nowadays. So in order to be fit to be a fine lady when the golden time comes, no girl ever wants to be rubbed with the smut of domestic drudgery if it can be avoided. Anything but housework! She never could endure, the slightly educated girl thinks, to have it thrown up to her after she is married that she was once a servant. Would any fine society, she asks, be open to a woman who had once been a domestic servant, no matter how rich she had become? Certainly not. Any woman who has once been a servant bears the mark of a menial all her life. She is more handicapped by that than by any little doubt about her reputation. Thus young American women, either of native or foreign descent, will do anything rather than work in a way which may hurt their future career. Moreover, it will not do to jump to a hasty conclusion that such a girl is a fool. As long as our institutions exist as they are, there will be sense and fitness in this feminine reasoning. It is as true that every girl here has a better chance of some day being the mother of a family, well to-do and having social aspirations, than every boy has of being president. And it is also true that it will always be set down to her discredit if it should be known that she was once a domestic servant. For these reasons the young woman who is thrown upon her own resources will work at anything rather than go out to service in a household. A shop a factory, and sometimes a much worse place is preferred.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Embrace wisdom, and he shall be your defence.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure."

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

GET IT SURE.

Well's "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

Like a quiet stream, seek less to sparkle than to bless.

☞The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

We should work for Christ here that we may rest with Christ hereafter.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer.

A New York pastor preached the other Sunday on "The Shameless Age." It was probably a hit at some of the 60-year-old ballet dancers.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

A reporter asked a Chinaman if he expected to marry. The wicked heathen made answer: "Me mallee? No, sir. Mallee no funee; blette funnee single man, alle same Melican man."

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Our bookkeeper, who has taken a lively interest in this Egyptian business, says that the accounts are balanced thus: England—All loss and no profit. Mehdi—All prophet and no loss.

BLOOD RELATIONS.

The best blood relations consist of a perfect circulation of healthy, vital fluid—pure blood and proper circulation may be established in the system by the use of that grand blood purifier, Burdock Blood Bitters.

The cruise of the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean separates him from his family for six months.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word, it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

An 11-year-old-boy in Corydon, Ind., committed suicide because his parents refused to let him eat at first table.

Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

If you have a fondness for telling bad things, begin with yourself; if for repeating good deeds, begin with your neighbor.

PEOPLE WHO RESIDE OR SOJOURN in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malady. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

EATON'S
NEW SPRING
DRESS GOODS!

Just opened new Dress Goods.
Fancy Drab and Gray Check and Twill Dress Goods, good width and color, 13 yards for $1.00.
The cheapest dress in the city.
Fancy Invisible Stripe and Check Dress Goods 10c. a yard.
Fancy Brocade Stripe and Check Dress Goods 12½c. a yard.
Fancy Pin Spot Check and Brocade Dress Goods, 15c. a yard.
Handsome Brocaded Stripe and Fancy Check Dress Goods, 20c, and 25c. a yard.
New Challie Check Dress Goods, 20c. a yard.
The New Suakim Plaid Dress Goods suitable for combination, 25c. a yard.
New Silk Warp Stripe Dress Goods 20c. a yard.
Everything new in Dress Goods, suitable for spring wear, from 7c. to 50c. a yard.

BLACK FRENCH CASHMERES.

The best value yet offered, warranted all-wool, color guaranteed perfect throughout, and fully 25 per cent. less than prices charged by credit stores.
All-Wool Black Cashmere, 40 inches wide, 37½c. per yard.
All-Wool Black Cashmeres, 46 inches wide, 47½c. per yard. These goods are all-wool, and 36 inches to the yard.
A sample, dress length, will be sent to any part of the province of Ontario upon receipt of Cash Order, and 25 cts. express charges.
Black Union Cashmeres, 34 inches wide, 20c. a yard.
Black Union Cashmeres, 36 inches wide, 25c. and 30c. a yard.
Black Union Cashmeres, 38 inches wide, 35c, 40c. up.

BLACK SILKS.

See our Black Silks at 50c. a yard.
See our Black Silks at 69c. a yard.
See our Black Silks at 75c, and 85c. a yard.
See our Black Silks at $1 up.
Black Brocaded Silks, 75c, 85c, and $1.
Black Brocade, new goods, 12½c, 15c, 20c, and 25c. a yard.
Black Crepe Imperial, looks like Crape, all-wool, will not shrink with the wet; the most perfect substitute for crape yet produced. To be bought at Eaton's.
Cut Lengths sent by parcel post to any address.

Letter Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY

T. EATON & CO.,
190 to 196 Yonge St.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

TOO SMART.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I never saw such a boy in all the days of my life!" wailed the Widow Peters to her maiden sister, Miss Sally Grant.

"Why, Sophrony! I thought he couldn't do no wrong in your eyes!" answered the thin, prim maiden lady with a sarcastic accent.

"Well, sister, he's all I've got. I'm sure I have set my life by him since Jehiel died; I haven't crossed him any way, nor denied him a thing. But he's always in some mischief or other, and he scares me most to death, and my poor nerves are a'most worn out."

"Well, Sophrony, there ain't but one thing to be did with him; send him right off to school. You've kep' him rolled up in cotton-wool, so to speak, all his days; and now he's bigger, natur' crops out. 'Taint no use keepin' him, never lettin' on him go alone, nor with other boys. When it says in Scripter that it isn't good for man to be alone, I expect it's a gener'l principle; don't altogether mean marryin' an' givin' in marriage. Let him go with other boys, and find out his own measure; that the best for him."

Here a loud sound of objurgation was heard, proceeding from upstairs, the tones of Ann Eliza Broome, the "help," commonly called "Analyzer," as near as letters can spell the sound, mingling with the shrill young voice of Robby.

"I'll skin ye alive, you little besom! I don't care if your ma sneaks ye under her apern or not; you knowed better!"

"You don't read the newspapers a mite, or you'd know oiled floors is all the fashion; and oiled wood-work, too. Ask ma! An' I guess I'm a-goin' to fix my own ma's house!"

"There!" shrieked Analyzer, as she made a triumphant entry into the sitting-room, dragging Robby by the collar down the stair-case from whence this short and pungent colloquy had been heard.

"There's a reg'lar little besom, for ye, Mis' Peters! If he ain't pretty well along in 'niquity for a boy 't'll be ten year old come Monday, then I don't know it! I'd jest got the carpet took up in the front charmber, and flung out o' winder for to whip it, and the furnitoor moved out and the floor swep' up so's't I could mop it out, and I'd gone down sullar after my mop, when lo you! A-comin' upstairs I see my master with one of the dish-towels and a pan o' kerosene ile a-swabbin' up the floor and where them walls is ceiled up to the chair-rail, with kerosene ile! I *was* beat!

"He's the biggest little hector I ever see! He'd spile the patience o' Job, and I can't stan' it no more. He eats up the cookies'most afore I can get 'em baked, and 'lection cake likewise, so't when company comes in there aint hide nor hair left for 'em no time, and"—

"Well, be calm, Analyzy," said Miss Sally, who was a power in the house of her weak, nervous sister, though she had only lately come to live with her.

"I guess Mis' Peters will fin'lly send Robby to school."

"I wish't to the land she would! I'm tuckered out with him; it takes boys to shake boys down to be so's't you can live with 'em anyhow, onless there's men-folks around; a man's about the handiest thing to have in a house there is anyway."

"There wouldn't be no men though if there wa'n't no boys, Analyzy," meekly suggested Mrs. Peters.

"That's so! It's a sing'lar dispensation of Providence, but so 'tis; jest like apples. When they're small they aint fit for nothin'; but let 'em get their size and ripen up, and they're about the best the' is. It's so with boys. I have faith to b'lieve it's so best becos so 'tis; but I can't see into it."

Ann Eliza's black eyes snapped and her crisp black hair seemed to curl up tighter as she uttered her opinions so glibly, brandishing her mop for emphasis; and when she retired to her hard task of wiping and washing off the liberal wash of kerosene to which Robby had treated the "spar' charmber." Mrs, Peters said, with a heavy sigh,—

"Well, Sally, I s'pose he'll have to go."

So to school Robby went, and being very bright as well as lively, soon had his own class about him.

He learned his lessons with an ease, and recited them with a fluency, that would have put him at the head of all his classes, if he had only behaved himself in other matters; but not only did he torment the master and the big boys, but he invented such new and ingenious pieces of annoyance that he soon lost his own name, which the boys had roughened into "Bob," and was called "Smarty" by them all.

The big boys let him alone, and the good boys kept out of his way; he was like a wasp, that only other wasps consort with, and if he did not break his bones or his neck, or get drowned or burnt, every week of his life, it was, as the Scotch proverb says, "Mair by guid luck than guid guidance."

Or, as Analyzy insisted, because "Them that's born to be hanged wont' never die no other way."

But the pitcher that goes too often to the well will get broken at last; and "Smarty" was at length too smart for his own good. In rambling all over the woods and hills and about his native village, he found, one day, in company with some other boys, a small hole, about three feet high and two feet wide, among some rocks on the side of Crow Mountain, and forthwith dared them to explore it. Not one of the boys would go in first.

"Try it yourself, Smarty. You found it," said Jim Allen. "All the folks in books, when they come acrost such places, go ahead; they hev to mostly, cos there aint nobody else along, and here's three on us ready to pull ye out, if there's a bear comes along. I b'lieve you're afraid."

"'N I *know* you're a fool, Jim Allen. I wanted to see if any of you fellers had grit enough to start down there. I knowed you hadn't, but I wouldn't be certain sure. You're all afraid, the hull lot of you! Fraid cats! Ho, here goes!"

And Smarty went head-first right into the narrow hole on his hands and knees, scraping his elbows, tearing his clothes, scratching his legs and hands, but determined to find the end of this mysterious passage. As he went along, the way grew narrower; and once, incautiously raising his head, he bumped it so hard against the roof, much lower than at the entrance, that he fell forward and hit his nose so violently that the hot blood ran down over his face and hands. But bumping a boy's nose counts for nothing in an exploit like this, and directly he felt rather than saw that the walls about him receded, the roof was not so near; and cautiously rising to his feet, there seemed to open before him a dim place. Of course, he had matches in his pocket; and after a half-a-dozen broke off, or missed fire, the last one spluttered and blazed up long enough for him to perceive a spacious cavern, which he dared not explore further in the darkness that followed.

A pretty-looking object he was when he emerged! His clothes were dirty, torn, and all stained with blood, his face streaming with the scarlet fluid, and his nose swollen already. The boys hailed him with shouts of laughter soon subdued into breathless interest as, with open mouths and wide eyes, they pressed closer and closer to hear about this wondrous cave.

"No bears nor nothin'?" queried Jim Allen.

"Not a bear, sir. I should ha' seen their eyes a-glarin', folks always do."

"Well, mabbe you didn't get fur enough in; how d'ye know the' wa'n' another passage to another cave? how d'ye know but what the' was a wild cat thar fast asleep, hey?" queried Everett Green, a boy with a troublesome imagination.

"I bet a cent tho' wa'n't no cave anyhow!" interposed Tommy Holmes, as persistent a doubter as doubting Thomas himself, his name-giver. "You got to th' end, 'nd stood up, and got skeered, so you jest come back to play it on us!"

"You're a noodle, Tommy Holmes! and I always knowed it. I don't care a copper if you b'lieve it or you don't b'eleve it; but I've got a real good plan, and this is to come next Sat'day—we can tell the place real easy. There's that pepperidge tree close to 't and that whitish rock. You can see it from our hill-pastur, I know, for I can see the caows; there's Bess, and Red and old Clover.

"Well, let's come a Sat'day; and fetch a lot of white-pine splinters, and bag o' shavin's, and there's lots o' pine cones right round here; we can fetch a old bag for them, and let's make a fire in the inside there, and see what tho' is in there, anyway."

"Let's come right off after dinner," said Everett, eagerly. "We might come acrost somethin' real splendid: what if we should find a gold mine! I tell you that would be scrumptions now, wouldn't it?"

So they went off discussing in boy-fashion all the possibilities, and promptly re-assembled on the next Saturday with their means and appliances.

One by one they wriggled down the slanting path, and arrived at the cave having dragged their fagot of large pine splinters, their bag of cones and one of shavings after them, all somewhat demoralized by the process, but all there. Bob had the forethought to bring with him a short bit of tallow candle, and by its dim glimmer they proceeded at once to make their fire.

The heap of shavings and pine-cones burnt like tinder, and when the splinters of pine caught, a rich red flame roared up to the cavern roof and lit its damp sides till they could see all about them. It was a high irregular cave; the result of some long ago convulsion of nature that had piled great boulders together and left this vast niche between them, all of whose loop-holes and outlets were ages ago choked with fallen trees and drifting earth, till its only outlet now was that by which the boys had entered.

But they were not the first discoverers: some sick or wounded Indian had known of this shelter long before they were born, and perhaps driven by his enemies had sought it to die, for as the flame leaped up and glared on every side, the startled boys saw, propped against a rock-ledge; a white and grinning skull supported by its ghastly skeleton, staring hollow-eyed at these intruders on his tomb.

Everett Green uttered a frantic howl—he thought those "cavernous eyes" were fixed on him with wrath—and made for the entrance; a panic seized the other three; none of them had ever seen a skeleton before. but Smarty had once found a picture of one in a book of his mother's, and there was an element of reality to add to his terror.

They crowded into the narrow passage pell-mell, but they had forgotten that fire implies smoke, and the only outlet for it was that which they too must use; it was like struggling up a chimney when the fire smolders heavily beneath.

Boys are hard to kill, but this was almost enough to choke them, and poor Smarty, who had, indeed, "Jehiel's lungs—dreadful weakly," was only about half through when he became utterly senseless.

Luckily Jim Allen was behind him, and could squeeze over the little fellow's prostrate body and by main strength pull him along; stumbling. choking, terrified himself, but manly and considerate enough to save his comrade. Everett and Tommy thought of nothing but how to get to the air, and lay rolling on the ferns, gasping and sputtering, when Jim appeared, black in the face, dragging after him the limb shape of poor Smarty.

"Cut along quick, Tommy Holmes!" Jim gasped; "run to Dr. Sweet's, fetch him up here quicker'n lighnin'! tell him Smarty's dead or dyin', or awful bad, anyhow."

Tommy left the group at once; he believed Jim's statement, for he saw with his own eyes the slender thread of bright blood oozing from Smarty's lips, and trickling down his pallid face.

Luckily he found the doctor half-way, plodding up the hill-side in his gig, and when the good man had lifted the boy in and driven off with him in his arms, for he himself filled the small perch of the open gig fully, the other boys took their way slowly and sadly towards the village.

"He wasn,t so smart as common this time," was Tommy Holmes' comment on the whole affair.

So Robby lost his nickname, for when he came back to school a year after, pale and quiet, he behaved as became a boy who had burst a blood-vessel and been at the brink of death, and he put his surplus energies into his studies and needful recreations.

A CHEAP ICE BOX.

Make or buy two boxes, one of which shall be two or more inches smaller all around than the other. Line the smaller one with sheet zinc, soldered at the seams and turned over and nailed to the edge of the box. Make a hole in the middle of the bottom, and put a zinc or lead pipe through the bottom and solder it well to the zinc lining; this must be long enough to project below the outer box when they are put together. A block may be nailed to the inside of the bottom of the outer box, and a hole bored to correspond with the place of the tube in the inner box.

Fill the bottom of the large or outer box with pulverized charcoal or charcoal and sawdust, deep enough to allow the top of the inner box to sit low enough for a cover under the cover of the outer box. Put the inner box in place, and fill all around between the boxes with the pulverised charcoal; place some strips of wood between the two boxes on a level with the top of the inner box, put a zinc-lined cover upon the inner box and a tight wood cover upon the outer. If the lead pipe at the bottom is long enough, bend it for a siphon, to prevent air from circulating and to allow the water from the melted ice to escape.

CHANGES IN THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

In a phamphlet sent to the members of Parliament the Marquis of Queensbury proposes various changes in the marriage service. Thus, in view of a possible action for divorce, he would omit the words, "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and would substitute, "Whom the government of nature may put asunder let no man attempt to keep together." It was the Marquis of Queensberry who devised the regulations which for certain occasions are deemed better than the ancient rules of the London Prize Ring. In this way the title has become somewhat known throughout the earth; and "Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Marquis of Queensberry rules," would hvve a familiar, though perhaps incongruous, sound for many readers of the daily press.

No man's spirit was ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience' sake, will provide a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, diversion, or company can do for them.

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

APRIL, 1884.

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OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide st. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

Fashions, which have been so showy in the *salons* during the winter, are quiet for the spring, and this very naturally. It is not now considered good taste to wear conspicuous colors or designs on the street; and, the season's gayety being largely over- society scattered or preparing to scatter, some starting for Europe, others closing their dwellings previous to summer wanderings—the dress requirements are of a quiet and solid character, adaped to travelling and migratory habits, Even the stay-at-homes are influenced largely by the action of those who leave —who go abroad, who give up fine apartments at hotels and boarding houses and return to country homes—because it reduces the available forces and weakens the motive for giving entertainments, and keeping up the strain of "receiving" and visiting. Descriptions of fine toilets look well on paper, and are eagerly read, but the wearers are often more glad to get rid of them and pack them all away, and go off to the country or the sea-side in a blue flannel and carrying a wrapper as a *robe de chambre*.

Nothing can be imagined more attractive than the pretty, soft woollens in fine heather mixtures, narrow stripes alternating in mixed colors, checks, diagonal plaids, for wear with plain combinations, and India beige, camel's-hair, or summer serge, in smoke-grays, cool-blues, browns, bronze, and dregs-of-wine shades. The thin tissues in all-wool for summer wear are also both pretty and useful, and appear in lovely shades for young girls—currant color, electric blue, butternut-brown, smoke-gray, bronze, etc.

The soft refined-looking surahs, chines, foulards, and other distinctively "summer" silks are a relief to the eye after it has been wearied with a procession of flowered and beaded satins and magnificent brocades. There is no apparent falling off of the favor accorded to soft, clinging fabrics, nor any desire to restore the stiff and stately poplin or the energetic alpaca to their former place in the popular estimation. Poplin dies hard; but it will take more than Queen Victoria's purchase of sample patterns for use at Windsor to displace the gentle fabrics we have all learned to love. The surahs seem to have won a permanent place in popular estimatiom, and their adaptibility and inexpensiveness assist in retaining it. The foulards only vary in the form of their small figures, and in sometimes showing light spots on dark grounds, at others dark figures on light grounds. They keep up a sort of vibratory movement, never venturing far from the beaten track; for they are patronized by a quiet and conservalive class, who have gotten over the taste for novelty, if they ever possessed it. Last year the figures upon foulards were round dots, often of various sizes, from small to exceedingly small; this year they look like irregular bits of color on the cream grounds, which are in the majority. The embroidered pongees are many of them beautiful, and deserve a large following. But one of the pretty summer novelties consists of the embroidered lawns and nainsooks in white and colors. Gray and tinted lawns are to be seen embroidered in exquisite bronze leaf and starry bouvardia patterns. The hanging fuchsia is also a favorite design, the delicacy and variety in color and shading being finely managed, considering that it is machine-work. Gray-blue lawns sometimes show prim rows of small English daisies and rose pink clematis, and small fern patterns or shaded mignonette. All-white dresses are always in demand at this season; and this year the solid materials—satines, linen lawn, striped or figured cambric, and the like —are trimmed with embroidery, while the figured Swiss and thin mull are trimmed with lace.

A great deal of ribbon. in the way of clustered loops and belts and bows, is seen upon the summer toilets in preparation for young girls—a fashion not at all new, but so becoming to the freshness of a fair, youthful face, and the grace of a youthful figure, that if dropped for a time it must be subject to frequent revivals. Bonnets of straw match street dresses, and are trimmed with velvet and shaded leaves or feather aigrettes. A gray-blue bonnet looks well lined with surah; and trimmed with feathers or aigrette to match, and velvet; but a bronze bonnet looks newer if ornamented with bronze and shaded leaves in addition to the velvet band and bow. Flowers are beautiful this season, and an evident effort has been made to break up the monopoly enjoyed by feathers for some time past. They will be used largely for millinery decoration as summer approaches.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—A picturesque and stylish shape, in ecru-colored English straw. The brim, which is rolled high on the right side, is faced with golden brown velvet, and a band of the same shade of velvet is wound around the crown, and arranged in a fan-shaped bow in front. Two ostrich tips, *ecru* with a pinkish hue, fall coquettishly over the front, while an aigrette at the back of these rests against the crown.

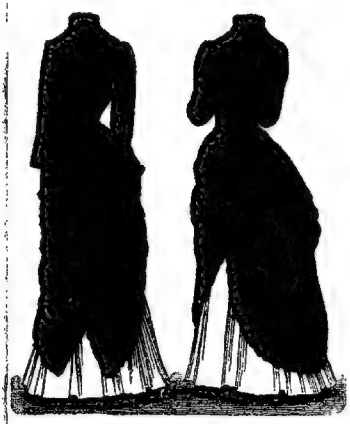
No. 2.—The suggestion of jauntiness about this hat should make it as popular for the young as it is appropriate. The Milan straw is in alternating braids of two colors, gray and dark red. The facing is of *coquelicot*, or poppy red, velvet, and the edge is bordered by a handsome gilt cord. Four bows of red Ottoman-faced velvet ribbon are placed at the left side, and a bunch of brilliant *coquelicots*, or wild poppies, is set against the front of the high crown.

No. 3.—This pretty capote, is fine Tuscan straw of a cream white hue, is faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with the admired hawthorn blossoms in the delicate white shade which combines so well with the variegated leaves. A tiny humming-bird nestles in each branch, and a small aigrette springs from the right side The broad strings, which trim the back and tie in a large bow in the front, are of blue *crepe de Chene de epingle*.

No. 4.—This hat, which is known as the Henri Trois shape, is of English straw, has a high, square crown, and a brim projecting a trifle in front and slightly curved at the side showing a facing of hunters' green velvet. A band of the same velvet is arranged about the crown, and three ostrich tips of a similar hue fall over the left side.

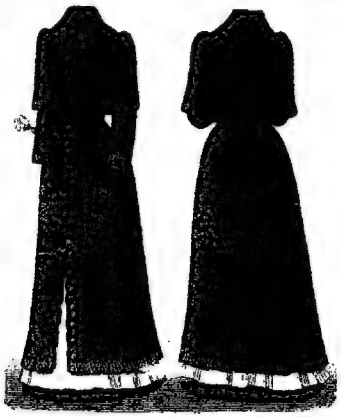
No. 5.—A shape that will be much admired by young ladies. It has a square crown, and a wide brim looped up on one side and having an under facing of chocolate brown velvet. Loops of the velvet are in front of the crown, and two ostrich tips of the fashionable *ecru* tint fall prettily at the front and side. The hat is of *ecru* satin straw.

TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.—Statistics of English life insurance companies seem to indicate very clearly the value of total abstinence from alcoholic liquors as a means of promoting longevity. In the United Kingdom and General Providence Institution the claims in the temperance section were, in seventeen years, only a little over seventy per cent. of the expectancy, while in the general section they were but slightly below the expectancy. In the Sceptre Life Association, during eighteen years, there were 116 deaths in the temperance section, against 270 expected deaths. In 1883 there were 51 deaths, only 7 being abstainers, whereas, to be equal with non-abstainers, there should have been 16. Some accidental insurance companies chaege 20 per cent less to tectotallers than to moderate drinkers.



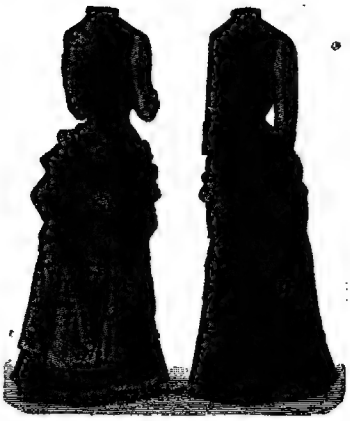
EDWINA POLONAISE.

A handsome design for a polonaise is represented in this illustration. The drapery is effective and dressy, and it is adapted to silk or woollen goods, and equally suitable for any of the fancy dress goods used for spring and summer wear. The polonaise is tight-fitting, and the front is slightly double-breasted and buttoned straight down to a little below the waist-line, where there is an extension on which the buttons are continued to within a few inches of the bottom. Ample fulness is imparted to the back by an extension which is allowed to fall in a burnous plait on the outside. When the burnous plait is lined with a pretty contrasting material it adds to the dressy and stylish effect of the back. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



DELPHIA REDINGOTE.

For travelling, driving, and general wear, this is a most stylish as well as simple and convenient garment. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under the arm, while the back is cut with sides forms and laid in plaits which overlay slightly at the waist line. The shoulder capes constitute a pretty feature of the design, and are fitted on the shoulder by gathers, giving a moderately high effect; they may, however, be omitted without detracting from the stylish effect of the whole. Coat sleeves and a rolling collar complete the model, which is suitable for cloths of all varieties not too heavy to lie nicely in the folds of the plaits. It is particularly appropriate for Cheviots, camel's-hair cloths, and the numerous fancy cloakings so fashionable for early spring and summer wear. The finish is machine stitching neatly and accurately made, or it may be plainly under-faced or nicely bound. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



BERNETTE COSTUME.

Composed of a tight-fitting, double-breasted polonaise, draped over a walking skirt trimmed with three deep bias bands of velvet, this stylish costume is adapted for almost any dress material in vogue. The double-breasted portion is joined to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if preferred. The polonaise is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side forms and back pieces are cut quite short, and the drapery is put on in a separate breadth. Any other trimming may be substituted for the velvet, according to taste and the fabric employed for the costume. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

LILITH BASQUE.

Simple and practical, this stylish basque is tight-fitting and opened in front over a pointed vest, the revers imparting a military effect. It is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and close-fitting sleeves complete the design, which is suitable for almost any class of dress goods. The vest may be of a contrasting material if desired, and the garniture may be rows of "Kursheedt's Standard" braids, velvet ribbon, or whatever corresponds well with the goods selected. Price of patterns twenty-five cents each size.

WALKING COSTUME.

A practical and easily arranged design, which can be worn either as a dress or a coat. It is a simple gabrielle shape, not quite tight-fitting, and cut short with the requisite length furnished by a kilt-plaited skirt sewed to the lower edge The fronts are fitted by a single dart in each, it has side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The cape is fitted by small gores on the shoulders, and trimmed with a plaiting to match the dress. Coat sleeves and a turn-down collar complete the design, which can be made up in any of the materials usually chosen for children's costumes, the addition of the cape rendering it suitable for the street. If made of cloth it becomes a serviceable coat, for which machine stitching forms an appropriate finish. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty-five cents each.

LILIAS JACKET.

Particularly pleasing and stylish in effect, the simplicity of this design makes it a most desirable model. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front and side gores under the arms, and additional fullness is imparted to the back by broad box-plaits laid in the skirt. The pattern is suitable for cloths and similar goods that are chosen for out-door garments, and is also desirable for many classes of dress goods. "Kursheedt's Standard" soutache and wide mohair braids form the most effective garniture for woollen fabrics. These come in all widths and can be relied upon for durability and perfection of finish. Patterns of jacket in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

I'M A DUDE.

Words by LEW DOCKSTADER. Music by HARRY KENNEDY.

SYM. MODERATO.

1. I am one of those fel - lows that stroll a - round town, Ad - mired by the belles and the beaus..... My at - ti - tude's
2. With my stiff stand - up col - lar and neck - tie to match, Pant - a - loons with a small stripe of silk..... One eye - glass will

sweet, I'm al - ways neat, And wear naught but el - e - gant clothes..... In the
do. For those who wear two Are fel - lows that's not of my ilk..... Though I

days long a - go, folks would call me a swell; But that to me sounds rath - er crude..... The
wear a large dia-mond that cost lots of tin, I nev - er can act at all rude..... With

2

name is *non est* I ig - nore it quite; Pre - fer - ing this— "a
shoes just like tooth - picks I'm quite *au fait,* Just what you see— "a

CHORUS.

dude."..... }
dude."..... } I'm a dude..... dan-dy dude..... Don't you see, by my style I'm in

fash - ion..... See my hair,..... not all there..... For hair - oil, you know, was my

pas - sion.... Neck - tie ve - ry crush'd straw-ber-ry, And I live on can - a - ry - bird food,.....

..... Dia-monds wear..... bang my hair..... I'm a dash-ing, a dan - dy young dude.....

$4,000.00 REWARD.

OUR BIBLICAL COMPETITIONS.

This One Closes April 21st.

We have for some time past been offering prizes for the correct solution of certain Biblical questions. We now announce the most valuable, and possibly the last, for the time being. The questions are as follows:—

1.—Does the word grandmother occur in the Bible; if so, where
2.—Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college.
3.—Give the name of an Uncle of Aaron.

For the correct solution of the questions—the competition for which will close on the 21st April—the following list of valuable rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-one persons who send us correct answers, in the order received.

1	One Grand Square Rosewood Piano,	$ 00 00
2.	One Fine Cabinet Organ, value	225 00
3.	One Beautiful Silver Tea Service ..	110 00
4.	One Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case, Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, Box Case, latest style, elegantly engraved ...	100 00
5.	One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine Waltham ..	90 00
6 to 11	Six Elegant Black Silk Dresses, patterns from Petley's Great Silk House, Toronto, $30 each	180.00
12 to 16	Five Beautiful Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitchers, valued at $30 each.....	150 00
17 to 21	Five Ladies' Elegant Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at $19 each.....	95 00
22 to 26	Five Gentlemen's Heavy Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at $18 each.....	90 00
27 to 32	Six Elegant New Spring Print Dresses, patterns from Petleys', Toronto, $17 each	102 00
33 to 37	Five Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, valued at $17 each.....	85 00
38 to 42	Five Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, $16 each	80 00
43 to 47	Five Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches, $15 each	75 00
48 to 54	Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, $5 each	35 00
55 to 66	Twelve Sets, (half dozen each), Triple Silver Plated Tea Spoons, $1 each	18 00
67 to 105	Thirty-nine Beautifully Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, $2.50 each	97 50
105 to 160	Fifty-six Volumes, Beautifully Bound, Tennyson's Poems, $2.25 each.....	126 00
161 to 221	Sixty-one Elegant Triple Silver Plated, on Solid Steel, Butter Knives, $1 each	61 00

In order to compete, every competitor must, with the answers, send fifty cents in Post-office order, scrip or small coin, (no postage stamps), for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent for one year to any desired address. Post-office orders are procurable at any post-office, and are an absolutely safe way of remitting. Letters should be registered unless remittance is made by post-office order.

To the sender of the *middle correct answer of the whole competition* from *first to last*, and *the twenty persons next following*, the following prizes will be given:—

1.	One Wanzer Sewing Machine, $60....	$60 00
2 to 7	Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued $15 each	90 00
8 to 15	Eight Open Face Extra Heavy Crystal Solid Nickel Watches, $12 each.....	96 00
16 to 21	Six Well-Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems, $2.25	13 50

To *the last seventy-seven persons* who send *correct answers* to the Bible questions given above, the following *Consolation Rewards* will be given, the first prize being given to the sender of the *last* set of correct answers received, the second prize to the second *last*, and so on *backwards*, till the seventy-seven prizes are disposed of.

1.	To the last correct answer received, One Elegant Silver Tea Service of six pieces, latest design.....	$100 00
2.	One Gentleman's Beautiful Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Waltham Movement, cases finely engraved	97 00
3.	One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine American	80 00
4 to 10	Seven Fine Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, value $20 each	140 00
11 to 16	Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, $15 each	90 00
17 to 24	Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, value $14 each.....	112 00
25 to 30	Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches, Heavy Crystal, value $12 each	72 00
31 to 55	Twenty-five Elegant Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, value $1 10 each	27 50
56 to 77	Twenty-two Solid Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives, value $1 each.....	22 00

Each competitor must, in every case, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the *Ladies' Journal* with their answers. The letters *must all be post-marked where mailed* not later than April 21st, the closing day of this competition. The correct address is Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. The names and post-office addresses (and street and number, when in the city), of those who are successful in obtaining these rewards, will be given in the May number of the *Journal*. The *Ladies' Journal* is a 20 page Monthly Fashion and Domestic Magazine. Two full pages of newest music are given in each issue; large illustrations of the latest things in fashion circles; one or two serial stories and a short story; domestic and household hints; besides a large quantity of miscellaneous reading, particularly to interest ladies. In short, it is the cheapest publication, and the best for the money we know of. So if you don't succeed in obtaining a reward, you cannot fail to be pleased with your fifty cent investment.

Questions and Correct Answers in Bible Competition No. 4, Just Closed.

1st.—What City named in the Bible is the oldest now existing in the world? Ans. Damascus; Genesis xiv., 15.

2nd.—Name the first sale of land recorded in the Bible? Ans. Genesis xxiii., 18 to 19 verses.

3rd.—Who is the first recorded in the Bible as being buried in a coffin? Ans. Joseph; Genesis l., 26.

The above are the correct answers to the questions propounded, as given by the following:—

1st.—One Cabinet Organ, W. H. Williams, Leslieville, Ont. 2nd.—Five O'Clock Tete-a-Tete Silver Plated Tea Service, Mrs. F. Meyon, Queenston, Ont. 3rd.—One Lady's Gold Hunting Case Watch, S. A. Dyke, 117 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 4th.—Chased Tilting, Gold Lined, Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, and Goblet to match, Miss Cleghorn, 82 Walton St., Toronto, Ont. 5th.—One Black Silk Dress, Lillie Clarke, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal. 6th.—One Silver Plated Cruet Stand with Bell Attachment, Flora A. Ross, 297 Rectory St., London, East. 7th to 12th.—Six Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches; 7, Thomas Gibson, (East Huron), Parliament Buildings, Toronto; 8, Annie Curtin, London, Ont; 9, C C Taylor, 21 Alexander street, Toronto; 10, Miss Phena McLeod, London, East; 11, Hattie F Clarke, 47 Howard street, Toronto, Ont.; 12, Miss Bessie Shoebotham, Ballymote, London Tp. 13th to 18th—Six Aluminum Gold Case Watches: 13, John S Gillespie, 98 Berkeley street, Toronto 14, Maggie Inglis, 169 Mutual street, Toronto, Ont; 15, Belle Inglis, 169 Mutual street, Toronto; 16, Alice Swain, 74 City Councellor street, Montreal; 17, J Kirkwood, Brampton, Ont; 18, Miss E Shannon, 141 William street, London. 19th to 24th—Six Half Dozen Sets Silver Plated Tea Spoons; 19, Hetty Symons, corner Shuter and Yonge streets, Toronto; 20, Mrs. J Henderson, Pickering; 21, Miss Bonnell, 293 King street, W. Toronto; 22, W. Amer, 106 King street, west, Toronto; 23, E. G. Clarke, 344 King street, west, Toronto; 24, M B Atkinson, St. Henri, Que. 25th to 60th—36 bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems; 25, Mrs. Leishman, 39½ Metcalfe street, Montreal, Que; 26 Wm. J Macey, 91 Davenport Road, Toronto; 27, Mrs. F G Gale, Box 48, Bothwell; 28, Miss Fullerton, Knox College, Toronto; 29, Joseph Pim, 61 King-st, East, Toronto; 30, Edward Pim, 66½ Chestnut street, Toronto; 31, Mrs. Robert Reynolds, 131 Tisdale street, Hamilton; 32, G L Keep, 93 Cannon street, W. Hamilton; 33 Miss Baker, 234 Waterloo street, London; 34, Thomas H Pickett, 150 Dundas street, London, Ont.; 35, Mrs. E M Slater, 428 Parliament street, Toronto; 36, Geo. Henderson, Barrie, Ont.; 37, Anna M N Fraser, The Manse, Claude, Ont.; 38, Mrs. William Hutton, Archer City, Texas; 39, Jennie Fraser, Box 205, Woodstock; 40, Mrs. Corbett, Cayuga, Ont.; 41, Mrs. Richard Adams, Londesborough, Ont.; 42, James Campbell, Londesborough, Ont.; 43, Mrs. E J Lawrence Fort Vermillion, Peace River, N.W.T. (Sent by Clara F Kneeland, 51 Shaw street, Montreal); 44, L A Russell, Box 99, Montreal; 45, H A Lunan, 134 Jarvis-st, Toronto; 46, T G A Wright, Trinity College, Toronto; 47, Joseph Boles, Walkerton, Ont.; 48, Miss Charlotte Boles, Walkerton, Ont.; 49, Harry Schlemmer, Streetsville, Ont.; 50, Horace Foster, Clinton, Ont.; 51, Miss Minnie Spence, Wiarton, Ont.; 52, Mrs F W Wadsworth, 128 Durocher St., Montreal; 53, W M Wills, 43 Pembroke street, Toronto; 54, Mrs. Sophia Lea, 171 King street, East, Toronto; 55, Ellen Crealy, Strathroy, Ont.; 56, M J Brown, Dundas, Ont.; 57, Alex Macpherson, Islington; 58, Mrs. Jessie McDonald, 292 Bathurst street, Toronto; 59, Miss Ella Wood, 88 Elgin street, Ottawa; 60, Mrs. Ada Best, 16 Anderson street, Montreal. 61st to 121st.—61 Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems; 61, J W Johnston, 286 Dundas street, London; 62 R B Potts, 60 Grosvenor Ave., Toronto; 63, Bessie Braidwood, 191 Cadieux St., Montreal; 64, John Campbell, 91 St. Peter St., Montreal; 65, Mrs. John Willmott, 77 Lisgar-st, Toronto; 66, Mrs. Hooper, 28 Mutual street, Toronto; 67 Miss M Cain, Point Edward, Ont.; 68, Mrs. A. P. Hall, Lleury, Ont.; 69, Miss Renton, 272 Earl street, Kingston; 70, John Stevenson, 25 Agnes street, Toronto; 71, Mrs. S Moore, 70 Adelaide street, West, Toronto; 72, Sara Folinsbee, Cayuga, Ont.; 73, Mrs. R J Elliott, Glanford, Ont.; 74, Mrs. R Wanless, Sarnia, Ont.; 75, Maggie Turner, Sarnia, Ont.; 76, Thos. Woodburne, 14 Palace St., London; 77 Isabella Richardson, 288 Parliament street, Toronto; 78, M J Clarke, 536 St. James street, Montreal, Que.; 79, Mrs. R Gwond, 243 Oxford street, London, Ont.; 80, Mrs. A. J. Elliott, 798 Champlain street, Quebec; 81, S. F. Hopper, Newburgh, Ont.; 82, Miss Douglas, South Quebec; 83, Josephine Lockart, Clarke, Ont.; 84, Mrs. J. Allen, Port Hope, Ont.; 85, Trenholme Fessendon, Napanee, Ont.; 86, Annie M King, Paris; 87, Lizzie Findlay, Carleton Place; 88, J H Brethour, Collingwood, Ont.; 89, Cecil K. Brooks, Milton, Ont.; 90, Elizabeth Roberts, Stamford, Ont.; 91, C P Park, Lachine Locks, Que.; 92, R H Burton, Lachute, Que.; 93, Wm. Ogilvie, North Georgetown, Que.; 94, W G B Bond; George-st., Cobourg, Ont.; 95, P B St. John, Sunderland P. O.; 96, Miss Bertha Mooney, Box 12, Vankleek Hill; 97, Kate Lawis, Grimsby; 98, Miss J W McMaster, Epping, Ont.; 99, Jennie C Martin, Box 56, Albion, Ont.; 100, A P Shewman, Petrolia, Ont.; 101, Eliza A Muir, Caledon, Ont; 102, Mrs. R Hill, Newcastle, Ont.; 103, Charles Davis, Alton, Ont.; 104, Mary Wilson, Streetsville, Ont.; 105, J B Ewing, Collingwood, Ont.; 106, M M Edmonds, Brighton, Ont.; 107, Mrs. J S Wishart, Valleyfield, P. Q.; 108, Jessie Elliott, Elora, Ont.; 109 E Norquay, Port Dover; 110, Alexander Butchardt, Midmay; 111, Mrs. W Y Long, Guelph, Ont.; 112, Mrs. Hiram Bowlby, Simcoe; 113, W N Arnold, Simcoe, Ont.; 114, J S Markham, Wingham, Ont.; 115, D Elliott, Trenton, Ont.; 116, Mrs W J Gibson, Pinnacle street Belleville; 117, Mrs. Fred Jeffrey, Midland; 118, G L Ball, Brussels, Ont.; 119, M Snodgrass, Hespeler, Ont.; 120, Rev. W S Westney, Pickering; 121, J C Tilt, Blair, Ont. 122nd to 131st—Ten Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives; 122, Mrs. E S Jackson, Oakville; 123, Wm. Johnson, Woxford; 124, Minnie Irwin, Peterboro; 125, Mrs. Thos. Thanburn, Brampton; 126, Miss Hardy, Box 421, Guelph, Ont.; 127, Miss E S Mellish, The Rectory, Caledonia; 128, Mrs. Harrison Haynes, Gananoque, Ont.; 129, Mrs. W F Chapman, Watertoo, Ont.; 130, W A Wingfield, Oshawa, Ont.; 131, Maggie Hunter, Box 707, St. Thomas, Ont.

NOTICE.

As the Consolation Prizes are for the last sets of correct answers received, which will not reach us in time to announce the awards in this issue, we must, therefore, hold them over, until our May number, when they will appear in full.

TO PRIZE WINNERS.

Prize winners in these Biblical competitions are requested to send 12 cents for postage on books, and 25 cents for postage and registration on watches, as soon as names appear. On larger rewards rates will be made known on application.

"Women," it is said, "jump at conclusions." We never heard mice called by that name before.

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

"I'd like to give you a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smiggs." "I wouldn't talk of impossibilities, Mr. Smiggs. The article you speak of is too small to be vided."

Fall River Advance: "Patti eats onions." We now begin to comprehend that weary, wish-I-could-go-and-drown-myself look which always gathers in the eyes of the tenor fellow when the little diva puts up her rosebud mouth for a stage kiss.

$5,000.00

IN VALUABLE REWARDS.

For Correct Answers to Bible Problems in "Truth" Competition Number 9, Closing April 7th.

THE QUESTIONS!!!

1st.—Who rebuilt a city (with fatal results to his own family) that lay under the curse of God?

2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger.

3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor.

These are the Bible questions that *Truth* propounds in the new competition just now opened. They are certainly difficult, but any clever Bible student ought to be able to answer them, and to secure one of the magnificent rewards offered.

THE REWARDS!

1.	One Magnificent Square Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co., the celebrated makers, valued	$520.00
2.	One Beautiful Cabinet Organ, with 11 stops, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co., Guelph	250.00
3.	One Elegant Silver Tea Service, newest design, valued at	130.00
4.	One Gentleman's Valuable Solid Gold Watch, Stem-Winding and Stem Setting, Newest Style, box Case, most elegantly engraved....	100.00
5.	One Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch	80.0
6 to 8	Three Sewing Machines, one famous White at $65, one justly celebrated Wanzer at $60 and one Wanzer at $55..	180.00
9 to 11	Three Beautiful Silk Dresses, patterns from the great house of Petley & Petley, Toronto, one $55, one $45, and one $35	135.00
12 to 19	Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, $20 each	160.00
20 to 27	Eight Solid Nickel Silver Heavy Bevelled Crystal Open Face Watches, each $15.....	270.00
28 to 37	Ten Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, each $14	140.00
38 to 43	Six Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings, $11 each.....	66.00
44 to 49	Six Elegant Solid Gold Gem Rings, each $9	54.00
50 to 54	Five Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dinner Forks at $8 each.....	30.00
55 to 60	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Forks at $5 each.....	30.00
61 to 66	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons, at $4 each.....	24.00
67 to 72	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Spoons, at $5 each.....	30.00
73 to 78	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Table Spoons at $6 each.....	36.00
79 to 85	Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, latest improved stem-winding, etc., at $5 each.....	35.00
86 to 153	Eight Beautiful Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, valued at $2.50 each	170.00
154 to 190	Thirty-Seven Well-Bound Volumes of Cowper's Complete Works, valued at $2.25 each	83.25
191 to 233	Forty-three Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, valued at $1 each..	43.00

These magnificent and costly rewards will positively be given free to the first two hundred and thirty-three persons who correctly answer the Bible questions given above. Each competitor must send with their answers ONE DOLLAR for six months' subscription to TRUTH. If you do not succeed in winning one of these rewards you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment. Present subscribers to TRUTH competing must also send the dollar, and their term will be extended six months. The sender of the

MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER

of the whole competition from the beginning to the end and the twenty-eight persons next following, who send correct answers, will receive the following prizes respectively:—

1.	One Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at	$100.00
2.	One Lady's Solid Gold Watch, valued at	80.00

3.	One Celebrated Wanzer Sewing Machine	60.00
4.	One Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, valued at	35.00
5 to 11	Seven Solid Coin Silver Watches, excellent value, at $25 each	175 00
12 to 19	Eight Solid Hunting Case Nickel Silver Watches at $17 each	136 00
20 to 25	Six Solid Nickel Silver Open Face Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches at $15 each	90.00
26 to 29	Four Elegant Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at $14 each	56.00

Should it so happen that there are an even number received—that is, that there may be two middle correct answers—then two gold watches will be given, above described as number one reward.

Then, not to disappoint *even the lastones*, a large list of consolation rewards has been prepared, which, as above, will be given in the order numbered to the *last one hundred and twenty-one* persons who send *correct* answers to these problems. The letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, *not later* than the closing day of this competition, which is *April 7th.*

The first prize in the consolation rewards, which will be given to the sender of the *last correct* answer is

1.	One Extra Fine Toned 12 stop Cabinet Organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., of Bowmanville	$250 00
2.	One Gentleman's Elegant Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem setting Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style Box Pattern Hunting Case, valued at	100 00
3.	One Fine English Double Shot Gun finest Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip, and all modern improvements, from C. Stark's Gun House, Toronto, retailed at	75 00
4.	Same Gun, only not quite so highly finished, valued at	60 00
5.	One Wanzer "F" Sewing Machine, from the renowned Manufactory of R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton	55 00
6 to 11	Six Fine Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued at $12 each	72 00
12 to 19	Eight Open Face Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches, valued at $10 each	80 00
20 to 25	Six Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at $10 each	60 00
26 to 31	Six Solid Nickel Renowned Waterbury Watches at $5 each	30 00
32 to 92	Sixty-one Volumes beautifully bound of Hood's Poems, at $2 50 each	152 50
93 to 121	Twenty-Nine Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives on Solid Steel at $1 each	29 00

Remember that all the questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the rewards offered. If you send a correct answer and one dollar for a half year's subscription to TRUTH, you will take your place in the order your letter is received at this office. The rewards named above will be cheerfully and promptly handed over or sent to the successful ones as soon as it is known who they are after the close of the competition on April 7th. In every alternate issue of TRUTH hereafter will be given a complete list of the prize winners with their post-office addresses and rewards obtained in previous competitions, so intending competitors may be assured of the genuineness of the whole matter. Address S. FRANK WILSON, "Truth," 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

Lemuel Whisten, near Enterprise, tied a halter around his neck and hitched himself to his waggon. He then scared the horses and made them run. Whisten's young wife had died but a few weeks before.

Cardinal Manning is a practical man, and moreover a strong believer in the principle that example should always enforce precept, in temperance as well as in Church work.

Not long ago a widow stood at the side door of a baggage car watching the stowage of her husband's corpse. As she turned away another lady, also in mourning, appeared with a dog, which was intrusted to the care of the baggage master.

RECEIPTS FOR REMOVING STAINS

Grease spots are best removed by soap; stains from oil colours, as a rule, do not resist the action of a mixture of soap and caustic potash. If spots of tar or axle grease are unaffected by soap, they will usually yield to the solvent action of benzine (so-called), ordinary ether, or of butter, which may afterwards be removed with soap and water. For ink stains, dilute hydrochloric acid, which must subsequently be carefully washed out, will generally be found effectual. For the same purpose oxalic acid or salts of sorrel (hydrogen potassium oxalate) may also be employed, and that most economically, in fine powder to be sprinkled over the stains and moistened with boiling water.

The action of these solvents may be hastened by gently rubbing, or still better, by placing the stained portion of the fabric in contact with metallic tin. If there is much iron rust to be removed, dyer's tin salt (stannous chloride) will perform the work at less expense than the oxalic acid compound. Another solvent for such stains consists of a mixture of two parts argol with one part powdered alum.

Bilberry stains usually yield to the fumes of burning sulphur. Stains caused by red wine, white wine, and fruit juices in general are treated successfully with salts of sorrel or with solution of hypochlorite of soda. The latter especially must be carefully removed when the ends have been attained.

Another well-tried plan when space is available, is to spread the stained fabric on the ground in the open air, smear the spots with soap, and sprinkle ground potash or common salt upon them. Water is added and replaced when lost by evaporation. After two or three hours exposure the whole fabric may be washed, and will be usually free from its stains.—*Industrial Record.*

A BREAD RECIPE.

For the benefit of the numerous readers of your paper I send you an account of the manner of bread making as practiced by my cook for nearly ten years. The bread so made I have eaten over since 1876 and find it the sweetest and most palatable bread I have ever tasted. It is made as follows:

Take a tin pail or earthern pitcher holding half a gallon; put in one teaspoonful of sugar heaped up, one-quarter teaspoonful fine salt, one-quarter teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, or sal soda will answer if no other is at hand; on these pour one pint of boiling water; when this has cooled so as not to scald the flour, add flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. This must be beaten up well for at least *five minutes.* Place the pitcher or pail in a larger pail containing hot water, as hot as you can bear your hand in, but not scalding, and put it somewhere on the stove or other convenient place to keep hot; in six to eight hours it will have risen to the top of the pail. Make a sponge with *hot* water, add the yeast made above, keep sponge *hot*, and in one hour it will be ready to knead and mould into loaves, which if kept *hot* will rise quickly and can be baked as ordinary bread.

Keep everything hot if you desire success, but not so hot as to scald. My apparatus is on the glue kettle principle, and kept hot by *jacketing* the outside pail with felt and applying a small "Evening Star" night lamp under it. A tablespoonful of oil lasts all night. Set the yeast at 10 P. M., and it will be ready at 5 or 5:30 A.M. next morning. Brown bread made as above is excellent, and white bread is as white as snow. S. H.

A perfectly white peacock, the only one in this country, is on exhibition in Boston.

Marriage is the natural lot of all things terrestrial. Even corns have to be pared now and again.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

A Pennsylvania justice has married 2,304 couples, and the conscious-stricken wretch now declines a re-election to office.

A CERTAIN RESULT.

If your blood is impure it will burst forth in blotches, pimples and sores, festering and unsightly. Burdock Blood Bitters will thoroughly cleanse the blood and eradicate all foul humors from the system.

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and to get even with him she replied that he might have her old sealskin sacque made over into a pair of ear-muffs.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

How a woman always does up a newspaper she sends to a friend, so that it looks like a well-stuffed pillow, is something that no man is woman enough to understand.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Brigge' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning, to get her young brood out of their beds, says she can not understand why children are called the rising generation.

*** Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

"Are angels ever sleepy?" asks an exchange. Just wate your best girl when you read a scientific paper to her after it is time for you to go out and dodge the big dog in the front yard.

Mr. Peter Vermett, Hochelaga, P. Q., writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

The following question is to be wrestled with by a country debating society at its next session. If the Mormon has eight wives and buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?

HOPE IN HOPEVILLE.

Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, declares she could not keep house without Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It is a remedy in which the sufferer may safely hope for speedy relief and effectual cure of Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Troubles which neglected end in hopeless consumption.

No use talking, the living skeleton is a failure in a matrimonal sense. How long did our skeleton and his wife live together? How long did Damala enjoy the sweets of matrimonial bliss with Sarah?

JOSH BILLINGS HEARD FROM

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so. Yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS.

The report of the Commissioners appointed by the British Home Secretary to inquire into the effects of excessive sizing of cotton manufactures on the health of the workpeople, states that during the last ten years there has been a large increase in the quantity of sized goods manufactured and in the average amount of sizing used; and that the balance of evidence shows that the dust and moisture, and more especially the absence of ventilation in the weaving sheds, has a deleterious effect on the health of that large proportion of the workers who have a predisposition to pulmonary and rheumatic diseases.

A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or room, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations entirely covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

AMERICAN BABY CARRIAGES!

MANUFACTURED BY

F. A. Whitney Carriage Co.

[Every Carriage Stamped F. A. W. C.]

They are Unequalled in Style & Finish

The running gear is perfectly true, so that you have no difficulty in keeping the carriage on the side walk.

The Upholstering is tasteful and durable.

You have over ONE HUNDRED varieties from which to select, including ten styles of

Elegant Parlor Carriages,

for outside and indoor use, one-third smaller than the ordinary size, and about half the weight.

See the new canopy top made entirely of reed work, supported on standards wound with cane. The factory makes on an average **One Hundred Carriages per day,** the year round, and offers splendid goods at prices far lower than the inferior productions of smaller concerns. If you cannot find Whitney's goods, you can get the address of a dealer who handles them by sending a post-card to

SMITH & FUDGER,

TORONTO,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA

A REVERIE.

BY DR. MULVANY.

Is it dusk or is it day
In your bower, love, far away?
Day or dusk within your bower,
It is love's most longed-for hour,
Love that, free or fetter'd, still
Bids his time nor wants his will.

In that bower what *should* love see,
Were his fiery wings but free?
What intensest joy or pain,
Could his heart know once again,
Might one wild hour once fulfill
Love's unfettered utmost will?

Love, what sense of sight or sound
Should that place of tryst surround?
Only the soft lampit gloom
Of the world shut in our room,
And your voice blest with the free
Far susurrus of the sea!

In that hour, love, would you share
Love's reward, were love but there?
And nor scorn nor shrink to give
All for which he cares to live,
And be his who comes to thee
Fur-abiding by the sea!

FASHION NOTES.

Moliere waistcoats will be belted in future.

The Anne Boleyn cap is the headdress of the hour.

All sorts of Redingotes will be fashionable this season.

Dinner and reception toilets for young ladies have demi-trains.

The "bon-ton" walking-hat bids fair to be a great spring favorite.

Little French capotes have rolled brims or double straight brims.

Surplice waists will be used on the soft wool dresses of young girls.

A pretty new walking hat of fine Milan straw is called the "7-2-0-8."

Long lace pelerines will take the place of fichus on indoor toilets.

Guipure de Genes is a new lace, which has the appearance of embroidery.

Silver jewellery of a heavy type in sporting designs is a fashionable fancy.

In place of the poke we will have a modified Dunstable called the Mignon.

A great deal of gilt thread is found in spring laces, embroideries and braids.

A veiling in fine Ottoman ribs is very lovely in combination with *taffeta glace*.

Spring dresses in velvet combinations will frequently have pompon garnitures.

Soft silk with India designs is employed in the spring wraps of Recamier pattern.

Heather in bloom will be a favorite garniture for the new Milan straws in champignon.

Embroidered black grenadines are made over black silk for indoor toilets of elderly ladies.

Nearly all English and American bonnets have ample crowns to hold the coil of the hair.

Silver and gold soutache will be used on the spring greens both in the dress and in the bonnet.

Spring wraps are as ornamental as possible, frequently being combinations of three different materials.

Coquelicot red bonnets with trimmings of red maple wings will be worn by pale ladies of fair complexion.

Tufts of white-chenille in the form of dots, balls, tassels, and blocks occur on many of the new veilings.

Spring wools in the new brown-gray tints and also those in vert-de-gris predominate in fresh importations.

Very narrow velvet ribbon, as narrow as soutache braid, is used in large quantities on imported bonnets.

It is now the extravagant fashion to use as much material as possible in the skirts and overskirts of dresses.

The beautiful and durable taffeta is again the favored silk both for silk toilets and silk and velvet combinations.

India shawls are formed into graceful spring mantles by means of silver or gilt buckles, used to hold the folds in place.

Lace waistcoats, or rather satin waistcoats, covered with plaitings of lace, are very fashionable on toilets of black silk.

Plaited pelerines of the material of the dress come as the fashionable wrap, with Parisian dresses for very young ladies.

Short capes with high shoulders, in chenille marabouts of delicate shades, are already being prepared as spring wraps for young girls.

Dress bonnets in delicate tinted China crape, with gathered crowns, have a flat wreath of roses of the shade of the crape around the brim.

Square necks, not deep enough to be yokes, are found on many youthful toilets. They are intended to be filled by a lace or silk guimpe.

The brims of nearly all the new straw hats and bonnets are turned over on the upper edge, so as to avoid, if desired, the use of any edge trimming

Half a dozen or more tortoise-shell hair-pins set with a single Rhine stone are very beautiful and fashionable ornaments for the half-high coil now in vogue.

French milliners import every variety of shape in hats and bonnets, peaked and square crowns, brimmed and brimless capotes, half cottage bonnets, and large Mignons.

There seems to be a growing tendency for the excessively short jackets, which always suggest the idea that the makers were short of material. They mostly match the dresses they accompany, and many are bordered with feathers of the same shade, but black and grey astrakan, beaver, and fox trimmings are preferable as regards wear, and appearance also, if we omit gray astrakan, which always looks grimy. The fact that it is poorly imitated in wool is another argument against it.

Dark red and dark green appear to be the prevailing colors just now for young ladies' promenade costumes. Russian redingotes made of deep Vandyke red, fur-trimmed or braided with self-colored silk cord, or otherwise edged with many rows of narrow silk braid, are much worn. Most of these have supplemented pelerines which reach only half way between neck and waist, the shoulder-pieces being set in rather high. There are some extremely long and tight jackets of black cloth, the lower edge of the skirt untrimmed, a basque-bodice all round, or pointed, being simulated by means of a wide bias, band of black velvet. Magnificent sets of furs are worn as trimmings on the cover-all princess-shaped wraps which though still stylishly worn, are in their third season. A tall lady recently wore a mantle of this kind, at the bottom of which was a band of bear's fur quite three-quarters of a yard deep. The cuffs reached above her elbows, and the shaggy fur collar was in proportion. Nothing could look more cumbersome, and there seemed a great absurdity in placing such a weight of fur where it could add nothing to the comfort of the wearer; but must necessarily impede the movements.

A timid young man has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds. "My dear," he says to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him; "help the fence!"

A priest visited a coachman who was seriously ill. "Have you the habit of going to the church?" "I can not say that I have," said the coachman in a feeble voice; "but I have driven a great many persons there!"

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

In France parents make the match, says *London Society*. If not as ostensibly, yet no less really is this often done in England. It is not the man, but the maintenance, which is uppermost in the parental thoughts. It is painful to reflect, while taking a survey of the matches of fifty years' experience, how rarely we ever could detect that the character of a man, otherwise eligible, influenced the parental decision. For the most part, all the evidence offered of a man being a scamp or a profligate is set aside as envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, or else with the remark: "Well, all young men are wild, but they grow steady when they are married." We once heard a lady, in speaking of a matrimonial event just coming off, say: "Capital match; first-rate chance for Ellen. Not at all the sort of man, we all know, that she ever intended to marry, but not one woman in twenty does get that." Certainly in this men have an advantage, for they can choose; the ladies must submit to be chosen, save in the case of some remarkable belle who has admirers at command. But these advantages on the side of the gentlemen are less than they seem. Their choice is anything but free as far as reason is concerned. They are the victims of a natural illusion. They choose from the charm and fancy of the hour, or the pride of possessing some Lady Clara Vere de Vere, or some simpering dimpled doll, while all the companionable qualities and that sunshine of the heart which relieves the darkest while it adds warmth to the brighest days of this checkered life are rarely even named among men as the motive of their choice. Truly "marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth" and, as with many a pretty bargain that has caught our fancy in a shop window, great is the disenchantment when we have brought it home.

The married ladies in the ball-room are the pests of the poor mammas. They have attained the object of all balls and dancing, and yet they have not the grace to feel for and give place to young girls who sit in rows against the walls. Men prefer the married women, and why? They can indulge in a kind of conversation at which we should hope that, in spite of French novels the single would turn away. It is strange that the husbands should endure to see their wives whisked and whirled and dragged about, well knowing that the so-called waltzing and galopading always, unless unusually well done, degenerate into little better than unseemly romping; indeed, no one would believe in its innocence if seen, where we seriously believe it would not be tolerated, in a Piccadilly saloon. A fact: A dressmaker who had seen from an orchestra the dancing now in fashion, when asked by a lady next day how she had been entertained, replied: "I suppose it is all right in high life, but in our line of life no young man would dare to take such liberties with young women." No, madame, your daughter's prospects never can be the better for being exposed to such scenes as these, least of all in the now fashionable costume of a skirt and a pair of shoulder-straps. It is not the sensuous but the sentimental that should prevail. The free-and-easy dancer, not the graceful young lady of proper dignity and self-respect, takes the lead in a modern ball-room, and foolish it is for the really modest and reserved to compete in such a sphere. Granted, they may enjoy it, and you may enjoy it, too. If so, be happy in your own way. Only for "introducing" your daughters and looking to the main chance, we can not recommend such society.

One of Wilkie Collins' latest popular tales is entitled "She Loves and She Lies." Wilkie would have shown more familiarity with human nature if he had put it "She Loves and He Lies."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Make corn-meal mush in the morning when getting breakfast, dip a spoonful in a place on to the greased griddle or skillet, fry brown on both sides. It is an improvement on cold fried mush.

Mix about one-third wheat middlings or shorts with buckwheat flour, and stir with one-third buttermilk.

For quick relief in croup, rub the chest and back of the neck down between the shoulders well with soft grease, chicken grease or lard. Heat it thoroughly by the fire and cover well. This is also good for colds on the lungs. Grease the nose for cold in head.

A good physic is usually a sure remedy for a cold.

To wet the top of the head with cold water every morning is a preventive to taking cold.

TO CLEAN SPONGES.—Ammonia and hot water will clean them.

WHITE STAINS ON ZINC.—To remove: Rub with a flannel dipped in kerosene.

LABELS ON TIN CANS.—Put a spoonful sugar in each pint of paste.

TO CLEAN A DECANTER.—Break raw egg shells in small pieces, put them into the decanter, add a little water and ammonia, and shake well.

BED BUGS AND FLEAS.—A thorough washing with carbolic soap and rubbing every joint and crack in wood-work and bed with crude petroleum will banish bed bugs for a certainty. I hope the time is at hand when these things will be considered a disgrace to be in any bed-room, or piece of furniture. Fleas are difficult to manage where dogs are kept, unless these are kept free from the pests by means of carbolic washes. Cleanliness and careful attention will banish these insects; and for wood-work or gaping joints of houses, it is a good thing to use strong aromatic herbs that are disagreeable to the nuisances.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—The following makes a very good loaf of cake independent of Mistress Biddy: One teacupful of butter or meat drippings, two of sugar, two of sweet milk (I used buttermilk), one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a stiff batter. The same recipe, minus one of milk, makes very good cookies.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One egg, one large spoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, one small cup of milk, two-and-a-half cups of flour, two small teaspoonsful of baking powder. Nutmeg or lemon to flavor.

PLAIN CAKES.—One-and-a-half teacup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one small cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Flour to mix. Flavor with nutmeg. Roll one-half inch thick, cut in round cakes and bake quickly.

FOR FRENCH PIE CRUST.—One pound of flour, one-fourth pound of butter, one-fourth pound of lard, three-fourths pint of cold water. Stir with a knife.

EXCELLENT ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water that has been boiled, yolks of five eggs, two cups of flour, grated rind and juice of one orange, one teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda and a little salt. Bake in layers. Icing for cake. Beat the reserved whites of four eggs to a froth, stir in powdered sugar until quite stiff, add grated rind and juice of an orange. Put the cakes together with this. If you wish to cover the top of cake with icing, make stiffer with powdered sugar.

A little boy at a presbytery examination was asked: "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied. "Quite right, Tommy; you're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, said: "No." "Why, Tommy?" "For fear I might be born a lassie!" he replied.

THE LAST MAN.

BY A SEAFARER.

A small iron, full-rigged ship was in latitude 10 degrees north of the equator, outward bound for a New Zealand port. The sun would be setting in an hour; already his disk was rayless and of a dark and angry gold, and his reflection lay in a broad and waving dazzle upon the western swell. A pleasant draught of air, blowing softly over the port quarter, had kept the lighter canvas sleeping all the afternoon, but the lower sails hung up and down, and, as the ship leaned upon the gentle undulations, the tender swinging of their folds wafted cool currents over the fevered decks, as though some gigantic punkah-wallah, perched aloft, were fanning the ship. The deep blue of the sea, scarcely wrinkled by the breeze, stretched around, and the water-line was like an azure cincture clasped, where the glory of the sun hung, by a plate of gold; but over the side the water was of an exquisite transparent green, in which you could see the metal hull of the vessel wavering till a bend hid it, and it was enough to possess a man, half-blinded with the heat that came off the brassy glare under the sun, with a calenture to look into the glass-like emerald profound, and to think of the coolness and sweetness to be got by a lazy floating in the serene surface of that fathomless depth. All the afternoon it had been blowing a soft air, with now and again a stronger fold that came out of the northeast with a parching taste in it that might have made it pass for the expiring breath of a rush of atmospheric heat from some blast-furnace hidden behind the sea; but one felt that the draughts could not long outlast the sinking of the sun, whose ardency was slowly sucking out all life from the air. Already in the south the water-line ruled the deep violet of the sky with a burnished surface, betwixt which and the heavens there was a trembling of heat in which the blue swam to a height of four or five degrees. Just where that tremulous appearance was you saw a shining speck, the topmast sails of a ship disconnected by refractions from the rest of the fabric; they looked through the glass like kites flying in the air; and if there was anything in this world to emphasize the vast expanse of the ocean it was those tiny points of canvas when one came to think how small a handful of miles was needful to sink the big vessel out of sight, to render invisible a hull full of people perhaps, and loaded with cargo of a value sufficient to render a thousand poor families happy and independent for life ashore. Still the breeze continued blowing softly as the sun sank. There were wrinkles round the stem of the little iron clipper, and the surface of the green clearness over the side was strewn with bubbles that gleamed like emeralds and diamonds and rubies between the shadow of the ship and the light off the sea as they veered slowly astern into the languid, iridescent wake. It was a pretty sight to peer from under the short awning to up aloft, and mark the stunsails spreading further and further as they descended, till the reflection of the great white square of cloths stretched by the swinging-boom shone like a sheet of silver under the black spar; and whenever the ship lifted to the swell there would come from aloft a sound of pattering reef-points and the quiet beating of butlines and the low clatter of rope against rope, which, with the aid of the brook-like murmur of the rippling water at the bows, might have passed for a stirring of fallen leaves disturbed in their shady place by a sudden passage of wind betwixt the dark trunks of trees and over the cool turf.

It was the second dog-watch. No work was doing, and the heat was too great for any kind of diversion. One saw a number of open-breasted, mossy-bosomed seamen overhanging the forecastle rail, pipe in mouth, with drowsy eyes sleepily looking away into the blue distance, whilst a low throaty murmur of voices floated aft from forward, where the black cook, standing in the galley door, was arguing with a Dutch sailor. There was a farmyard noise, too, of muttering hens, mixed with the rooting and grubbing grunt of a pig or two, and a strange eastern bird, secured by the leg, was clawing with beak and talons up and down a fathom or two of forestay, whilst in a hoarse sea-note he'd sing out now and again: "Sail ho! bless my eyes! bear a hand! sail ho!" right aft on the quarter deck, visible from the weather side of the forecastle under the lifted clew of the mainsail, stood the helmsman gripping the wheel, and gnawing upon a quid in his cheek, with many a roll of his gleaming eyes aloft and then into the compass-bowl and then upon the sea; the brightness came off the water in a scarlet tremble upon his figure, and often he would tip his Scotch cap on the back of his head to pass the length of his arm from the wrist to the elbow over his streaming brow. The captain, a red-faced man in a straw hat, and with a Manilla cheroot in his mouth, paced the deck from the mizzen rigging to the taffrail; the chief mate, who had charge of the watch, walked in the gangway, and the second mate, seated on the main hatch, was emptying his third and last sooty pipe. Slowly the sun sank, brightening out the heavens to far beyond the zenith into an amazing glory of scarlet and red and orange, melting into a sulphurous tinge that died out into a delicate green sky, which in its turn deepened into blue and violet and indigo where the ocean met it in the east, with a star or two glistening where the lovely hue was deepest. A tropical evening, indeed; and you saw the silver speck of the hidden ship's sails trembling above the horizon and catching the farewell ray of the setting luminary whose light went slipping level to it from the brow of one swell to another until it was like a drop of blood in color and hung like the red lamp of a distant lighthouse, though the ashen eastern shadow closed down upon it swiftly, and melted it into thin, gray air, while the loftiest of our own clipper's sails were still on fire with the rich hectic of the west, and the ropes, like gold wire, and the greased topgallant and royal masts, and whatever else showed a polished surface up aloft, twinkling with ruby stars. Darkness swiftly follows the descent of the sun in these parallels; there was no twilight, and the night lay in a dusky spangled fold in the east ere the sun had fairly trailed the skirts of his golden robe off the low-down western sky. The moon would not rise for another two hours; but the darkness and the coolness were wonderfully sweet after the long spell of roasting daylight. The dew fell till the stars made pearly flakes of it upon the rails and skylights; and the gentle breeze still blew, though with an ever-waning breath. The ripples now ran in lines of fire from the ship's bow, and strange green shadows, like the vapor rising from melted tin, brightened and dimmed in cloudy puffs in the slants of the inky swells, and you saw tendrils and stalks and leaves of phosphoric radiance eddying in the holes of the ship's wake, and glimmering along the lines which marked the breadth of the ebony path she was sailing along. Then in armies the stars overran the velvet-black heavens, with planets shining in blues and greens, and dropping points of quicksilver into the dark waters, whilst above them the glittering dust of countless worlds lay thick as sand, and often a narrow space of the vast dome would flash out in radiance to the bursting of a meteor, whose momentary bright shining would seem to find an echo, so to speak, in a dim violet glare of lightning down in the southeast.

Two bells—9 o'clock—were struck; one heard the ringing chimes hollowly thrown downward out of the sails. A dead calm had fallen, the ship lay in a deep slumber upon the gently breathing bosom of the ocean, and nothing seemed awake but the throbbing stars. Not above four miles had been measured since the darkness came down, and now that the night was breathless, with a threat of cat's-paws—on no account to be neglected—on either bow and all around, the captain gave instructions for the sternsails to be taken in and stowed away out of the road of such boxhauling of the yards as might be necessary. This made the ship lively for awhile with the running about and the racing aloft of naked-footed mariners; but presently all was silence again, the captain below taking a glass of grog, the second mate quietly pacing the deck aft, the watch coiled up anywhere for a snooze, a single figure erect on the forecastle, and the sea like a mirror full of starlight, yet so dark that it was like looking through a haze at the luminaries over the water-line. Three bells were struck, and scarcely had the last vibration died when the second mate hailed the forecastle: "Forward there! is there anybody singing below?" "Nobody singing here, sir," came back the answer promptly. "Nonsense, man! There's someone singing somewhere below forward, I tell you. Put your head into the scuttle and listen." There was a pause, and presently back came the reply: "All's still in the forecastle, sir. There's no singing in this part of the ship." The second mate walked up to the fellow at the wheel: "Did you hear a man's voice singing just now, before the bell was struck?" "Yes, sir." "Didn't the sound come from forward?" "It seemed like it," answered the helmsman. "Hush! there it is again," cried the second mate, raising his hand and stretching his head forward, with his ear bent toward the forecastle. The sound was distinct enough—it was that of a husky voice singing—but at a distance that made the notes as thin and vibratory as the twanging of a jew's-harp heard from afar. It ceased, and was followed by a faint, unearthly laugh, that died out at the moment, when a sudden shivering flap of the canvas up in the darkness seemed like a shudder passing through the ship. "There's someone singing and laughing away out ahead here, sir!" shouted the man on the forecastle, in a voice that made one suspect he felt his loneliness at that moment. "What the dickens can it be, and where does it come from?" exclaimed the second mate, stepping to the rail and looking over. He peered and peered, but the night lay dark upon the water, spite of the starlight, and no deeper shadow stood anywhere upon the glooming surface to indicate the presence of a vessel in the neighborhood. "Forward there!" he shouted; "do you see anything?" "Nothing, sir." The watch on deck, aroused by this hailing, and gathering its import, clambered on the bulwarks to look around, and the captain, hearing the second mate's voice, came up from the cabin. "What's the matter?" he asked. "There's been a sound of singing and a kind of laughing following—coming from somewhere ahead, sir," responded the second mate. The captain went to the side and took a long look. "Pooh! pooh!" he exclaimed, "it must have been your fancy, sir. Singing and laughing? Why, were any vessel near enough for us to hear such noise, we should be bound to see her." He was walking over to the compass. "There, sir, you have it now!" cried the second mate. Once again the same thin, wailing, singing, borrowing a supernatural character from the darkness, came faint but clear to the ship, followed as before, by the same reedy, croaking laugh. "By heaven, Mr. Burton, it's no fancy!" exclaimed the captain, wheeling swiftly around. "But is it a human voice, think you? If so, where in mercy's name can it come from? I say, my lads," calling to the men staring over the bulworks, "I'ye see anything?" "Nothing at all, sir, though the sound's plain enough," was the answer, delivered in a tone full of awe. Suddenly a dim, luminous, gray haze floated up into the eastern sky; it brightened into yellow and then into a kind of a sullen faded red; and in a few moments the upper limb of the moon jutted up, a pale crimson, with a light that made an indigo line of the horizon under her, and as she soared one saw the wake she left trembling in dull gold along the withering ebony of the swell, till, shooting clear of the deep, with a broadening of delicate lustre around her that quenched the stars there, she shot her level crimson beam at the ship, whose sails took the tinge of feverish radiance, and stood out in phantasmal spaces of mystical light against the darkness and the stars. But speedily transmuting her copper into silver, the luminary threw out a fairy radiance that, flowing to the westernmost sea-line, showed the circle dark and clear all round, and scarcely was her bland and beautiful illumination fairly kindled when a dozen voices shouted: "There's a boat out there on the starboard bow!" "Hush!" cried the captain; and amid the silence there stole down yet again to the awed and astonished listeners the wild, mysterious singing of a man's voice, followed by a peal of laughter. "Well, whatever it may prove, it must be overhauled," said the captain. "Mr. Burton, called some hands aft to lower away one of the quarter-boats, and go you and see who it is that's singing and laughing away out here in the middle of the ocean." In a few minutes the boat was pulling away for the dark object to the left of the moon's reflection.

The watch below had turned out and a crowd of seamen awaited with burning curiosity the issue of this singular encounter. "It'll be no man's voice as raised that there chantey," said one of the oldest, and presumably one of the most ignorant among them, as they overhung the rail. "If I'd been in the old man's place ye might ha' turned to and boiled me afore yon'd ha' got me to send a boat to it." "Why, what d'ye think it is Bill?" inquired another. "Think! I don't think at all. 'Taint my business to think. But d'ye s'pose," replied the old man, "that any mortal being with hintellects inside him, such as you and me's got, 'ud turn to and sing songs—and I desay comic songs, for what should set him larfin'?—in a hopen boat at this here hour of the night, two or three thousand miles away from land? You bet old Bill knows what he's a talkin' about when he says that if what's come across in that there boat turns out mortal he'll swaller the biggest pair o' sea-boots that's knockin' about the forecastle." Awed by the old sailor's prophetic croaking, to which years of rum and hard weather had communicated a forbidding, sepulchral note, the others fell into deep silence, straining their eyes in the direction of the boats. A half-hour passed before they approached the ship, during which the seamen had been startled by many hoarse and dreadful cries proceeding from the advancing boats, intermixed with shrill and savage laughter, and wild shouts delivered in accents the mariners could not make head nor tail of. "Well," cried the captain, when the boats were within hail, "what is it you have come across, Mr. Burton?" "A raving lunatic, sir," answered the mate. "He's a Spaniard, I think. There's a dead boy in the bottom of his boat that I reckon to be his son. He's been shipwrecked apparently, and there's nothing to eat or drink along with him that we can find. It was now seen that two of the crew were on the madman's boat holding him. As they drew alongside the wretched maniac began to rave fearfully, sometimes breaking off to sing some weird, tuneless song, then bursting into accents full of heartbreaking entreaty, and afterward wrestling furiously with two men who had hold of him making, the boat sway her gunwales, and uttering shriek after shriek. It was as terrible a scene as ever the moon shone down upon,

They had to bind him turn upon turn with ropes in order to drag him aboard, and mad as he was, yet it was evident he knew he was to be separated from the dead boy under the thwarts of his boat, for his struggles were frantic when he saw what they ment to do, every posture was a passionate delirious yearning toward the corpse, and when finally he was lifted over the rails, his screams and ravings in Spanish sent the hardiest amongst those who had no hand in getting him inboard recoiling with horror. He was little more than a skeleton. When they brought a lantern and examined him they found the remains of what had clearly been a tall, handsome man, but famine had done its work—famine and thirst. A boy might have lifted the emaciated frame, though madness furnished it yet with a horrible vitality, and a degree of life fearful to behold in so shrunken a conformation blazed in his dark eyes, cruelly sunk, and showing like flames in the hollows, whose shocking depth was accentuated by his bushy brows. The corpse of the lad was reverently dropped over the side, and the boat sent adrift after the ship's name she carried painted on her stern had been duly noted. There was no doctor on board, but what the kindness of English sailors could do for the poor Spaniard was done. He died on the following afternoon, having ceased his raving and fallen into a pathetic silence soon after he had been taken below. It could not certainly be known that the boy had been his son. "But I don't think there could be a doubt of it," said the captain and Mr. Burton, as they stood looking at the dead man, "for, mere skeleton as the poor fellow is, there seems to me by the appearance of his face that there was more of a broken heart in his death than the want of food and water." The man's clothes and belongings, besides the vessel's name, served to identify him. He was master of a Spanish ship that had sailed from Carthagena three months previous to the discovery of the boat by the English iron clipper. With him had gone his only son. The vessel was never heard of after having been spoken in twenty degrees north latitude, and there could be no doubt that of the numerous crew who were in her the poor captain, when encountered raving mad in an open boat amid the frightful solitude of the great Atlantic, was the last man.—*London Telegraph.*

Gets very hot-headed when it is scratched: A match.

An Old Soldier's

EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all **bronchial and lung affections**, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

"There is one point for which I especially admire Washington," said Mrs. Mourner, who has just buried her third husband. "He married a widow, thus setting all Americans a noble example.'

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. McCLURE.

"It is terribly trying," remarked the woman with the bass voice," "and I can't stand it another day. Whenever I go to the speaking-tube to ask a question, I'm invariably answered 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.'"

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travellers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out in the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood caused by sea-diet and life on board ship.

In one of our Indian languages, the word "woman" is rendered "kewanojawjaw," wit marked and earnest emphasis on the last two syllables. Even the savages understand the vile and wicked arts of the lying slanderer.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

A Boston car conductor never says "Hurry up!" It would be contrary to culture, His elegant phrase is: "Exercise a little celerity, if you please."

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Kitizer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

An observant negro says: "De man who takes up the moas sidewalk am not allus de pussan ob de moas consequence. A 15 cent drunkard wants mo' room in dis world dan de judge of de supreme court.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

There is always great excitement in case of sudden accident and injury. Every one should be prepared for an emergency. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the reliable friend in need; it is for internal and external use, curing Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Lameness, Croup, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, and painful affections and wounds.

If you want enemies excel others. If you want friends let others excel you.

If troubled with constipated bowels, never neglect it, or the system becomes clogged, the secretions dried up and the system poisoned with foul gases. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by unlocking the secretions and regulating the glandular system.

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

A GOOD COSMETIC.

The best cosmetics are good soap and water, to obtain purity of the skin while for boils, blotches, obstinate humors and impurities of the blood, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best of all purifiers.

Crepusculous. — Amateur tenor (just from Paris): And have you never heard of Gounod's "Crepuscule?" Unmusical young lady: O, dear! no; how dreadful: is it anything like spinal meningitis?

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

A western woman prayed for money and found it. As though this was a miracle! We know of several eastern men who have prayed for money and found it.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

And now it is proposed to tax the game of poker. It is supposed that the move aims at the speedy abolishment of the congressional prayer-meetings of Washington.

IN DIXIE'S LAND.

J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs, &c., Dixie, Ontario, recommends Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers, it having cured his wife of a bad cough. It is the safest and surest remedy for all Throat and Lung troubles, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and most pectoral complaints.

Widow Van Cott says: "No Christian can afford to use tobacco." Tobacco is awfully high, that's a fact. We hope Mrs. Van Cott will use her influence to have the tax reduced.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

An exchange says a little 4-year-old listened attentively to a Scandinavian preacher last Sunday, and then whispered: "Mamma, if Dod tan understan' zat, He's a dood one."

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

"My dear," said a dying husband to his wife, "when I am dead will you see that my grave is kept green?" "Yes," sobbed the heart-broken woman, "I will for a little while."

He was rather soiled and seedy looking his nose resembled a crimson sunset, and when he entered a store and accosted the head of the firm with: Say, boss, I'm raising a fund to bury my mother-in-law; can't you give me a lift?" he was immediately accommodated. He was given a "lift" that almost loosened the roots of his hair.

AN OPEN LETTER.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & Co.

Dear Sirs,—I can honestly recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy. I remain, respectfully yours,

JOHN TAYLOR,
190 Parliament St., Toronto.

To empty a theatre in case of fire the act-drop should be lowered. All the men will rush out by force of habit, and the women will sit still, as usual in such cases, and a panic will be prevented. This suggestion is freely offered for what it is worth. It is not patented.

FLOOD VIEWS 10 Chromo CARDS. Accurate sketches of Cincinnati and vicinity during Great Flood 1884, free by mail on receipt of **12 cents.** Wm. DONALDSON & CO., 113 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

CRACKED OR SORE NIPPLES.

Covernton's Nipple Oil for Cracked or Sore Nipples as been found superior to all other preparations. Prevention better than cure. For hardening the nipples before confinement it has no equal. Price 25 cents. If your druggist does not keep it in stock, inclose the price and a 3-cent stamp to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Bleury and Dorchester streets, Montreal.

PILES IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED,

and the worst cases eventually cured by the use of

THE MEDICAL PILE REMEDY.

Sent by post, with complete instructions, on receipt of $1.

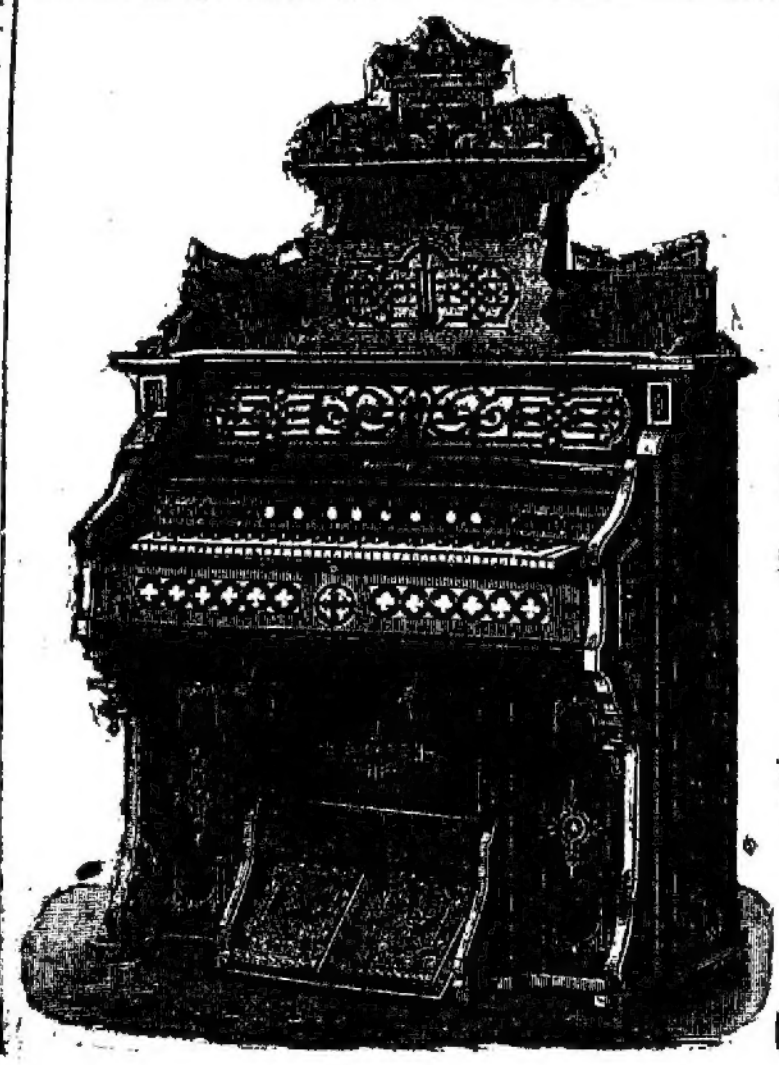
HUGH MILLER & CO.,
167 King Street East, Toronto.

☞ For sale by all druggists.

PHRENOLOGY.

Mrs. Menden, Practical Phrenologist
Agent for Fowler & Wells' Publications.

Phrenological delineations of character, oral and written, and the class of business best adapted to your talents carefully pointed out. Classes resumed on Thursday, and continued every Monday and Thursday, 38 Berryman street, Toronto



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TREMENDOUS CLEARING SALE

—OF—

STAPLE DRY GOODS

NOW GOING ON AT PETLEYS'.

The following quotations will give our patrons and the public generally an idea of the very low prices at which we are selling new and seasonable goods.

PRINTS.

280	PIECES	AT	5c. PER YARD,	- WORTH	8
390	"		6 "	"	10
480	"		7½ "	"	12½
520	"		8 "	"	14
620	"		10 "	"	15

WHITE COTTONS.

100	PIECES	AT	6c. PER YARD,	- WORTH	8c.
150	"		"	"	10
200	"		9 "	"	12½
150	"		10 "	"	15

GREY COTTONS.

25	YARDS FOR		- - -		$1 00
200	Pieces	at	5c. per yd.,	worth	7
150	"		6 "	"	8
200	"		8 "	"	10
250	"		10 "	"	15

BLANKETS.

150	Pairs	at	$2 00 - -	worth	3 00
100	"		2 50	"	3 50
200	"		[illegible]	"	4 00
150	"		50	"	4 50
100	"		00	"	5 50
75	"		50	"	6 00

GREY FLANNELS.

110	Pieces	at	22½c. per yard,	worth	30
100	"		25 "	"	35
75	"		30 "	"	40
80	"		35 "	"	45

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

1000	Yards	Table	Linen at	20c., worth	30
1500		"		25	35
1300		"		30	45
1800		"		40	60

CARPETS.

100	PIECES	TAPESTRY	AT	35c. PER YD.,	WORTH	50
150		"		40	"	60
140		"		45	"	70
250		"		50	"	80

SILKS.

2000	YARDS	BLACK	AT	50c. PER	YARD,	WORTH	$0 75
2500	"	"		65	"	"	1 00
2200	"	"		75	"	"	1 25
2000	"	"		$1 00	"	"	1 50
2500	"	COLORED		75c.	"	"	1 00
3000	"	"		85	"	"	1 25

BLACK CASHMERES.

20	PIECES	AT	20c.	PER YARD,	- WORTH	35
25	"		30	"	"	40
28	"		40	"	"	55
25	"		50	"	"	65
30	"		60	"	"	85

DRESS GOODS.

3500	YARDS	AT	10c.	PER	YARD,	WORTH	15
4000	"		12½		"	"	20
4500	"		15		"	"	25
3500	"		30		"	"	30
2500	"		25		"	"	35

The above prices are certainly very low and are well worthy the attention of the public. ☞ No unseasonable goods, but all first-class stock of this season's importation.

PETLEY & PETLEY,

128 to 132 King Street East, Toronto.

N.B.--All street cars pass our stores. Ask the conductor to let you off at Petley's.

CARPETS

Housekeepers, Hotelkeepers, and others, Furnishing, will find it to their interest to attend the SPECIAL SPRING SALE OF CARPETS, commencing Monday, March 10th, at

PETLEYS'.

We will offer, on and after the above date, Brussels, Tapestry, and Axminster Carpets at the following prices for CASH.

Best Axminster Carpets, only - - $1.40 per yard.

Best Quality Brussels Carpets, only - $1.00 per yard.

Good Tapestry Carpets, only - - 30c. per yard.

The above are Net Cash Quotations, and are LOWER than those of any other house on this Continent.

We invite the inspection of the public. not only of Toronto, but of Ontario, and request that they will do us the favor of visiting our house and examining our Stock, and if our Prices are not Lower than those of any other house in Ontario, DON'T BUY.

PETLEY & PETLEY

THE LEADING CARPET DEALERS,

128 TO 132 KING ST. E., TORONTO.